PALM LEAVES

BY

THE REV'D W. H. COOKE,

Rector of Trinity Chapel, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

F-46112
C767

NEW YORK:

WM. B. BRADBURY, 425 & 427 Broome Street.

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WM. B ... ORTES.

GOLD ... MEDAL.

DIPLOMAS.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR, Utica, 1863.
OHIO STATE FAIR, Cleveland, 1863.
PENN. STATE FAIR, Norristown, 1863.
IND. STATE FAIR, Indianapolis, 1863.

JUDGES AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 1863.
L. M. GOTTSCHALK, A. W. BERG, CLARE W. BEAMES, FRANCIS H. BROWN.

This is unprecedented in the history of the Piano-Forte Trade.

Wm. B. BRADBURY, 427 Broome Street,
Corner of Crosby, one block East of Broadway, New York.

TESTIMONIALS FROM CELEBRATED PIANISTS,

To Wm. B. Bradbury's New Scale Piano-Fortes.

WILLIAM MASON.

"MR. WM. B. BRADBURY:—*Dear Sir*,—After *repeated tests* of your NEW SCALE Piano-Forte, in almost *every variety of musical composition and expression*, I find that they possess, in the highest degree, all the essentials of a PERFECT PIANO-FORTE.

"The GRANDNESS, purity, equality, and DURATION of tone are combined in a degree rarely to be met with, while the elasticity and perfection of the action gives the most rapid response to the touch. I consider them a VERY SUPERIOR INSTRUMENT, and as such they will command the highest commendation of the artiste, the critic, or amateur.—Yours, very truly,

"NEW YORK, July 25, 1863. "WM. MASON."

HARRY SANDERSON.

"After a thorough and careful examination of your New Scale Piano-Fortes, I take great pleasure in expressing my gratification at finding so perfect an instrument. Of the many qualifications so requisite in a good piano, I must say I have never met with any which, in every particular as to quality of tone, elasticity of touch, and beauty of workmanship, so happily combines them all as do your New Scale Pianos. I can most cheerfully recommend them to all interested in the progress of Musical Science.—Yours truly, "HARRY SANDERSON."

"September 16, 1863.

GEO. W. MORGAN,

ORGANIST OF GRACE CHURCH, N. Y.

"To WM. B. BRADBURY, ESQ.:—*Dear Sir*,—As you wish me to give my *candid opinion* of your NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTE—I can assure you that I admire them in the highest degree. The quality of tone is remarkably fine, and the action everything that can be desired, and I can only add—let the Pianos speak for themselves, and they will give every satisfaction, and I have never seen any instrument of the kind that has pleased me more.—Most faithfully yours,

"NEW YORK, May 2, 1864. "GEO. W. MORGAN."

J. N. PATTISON.

"MR. WM. B. BRADBURY:—*Dear Sir*,—Having thoroughly examined and tried your NEW SCALE Piano-Fortes, I take great pleasure in recommending them to those desiring a SUPERIOR INSTRUMENT. For duration, fullness, and singing quality of tone, elasticity and delicacy of touch, and perfect workmanship throughout, I consider them equal to any I have seen.

"NEW YORK, September 8, 1863. "J. N. PATTISON."

ROBERT HELLER.

"MR. WM. B. BRADBURY:—*Dear Sir*,—The little affair at your Piano-Forte Rooms the other day, when I chanced to meet Sanderson, Morgan and others was a musical treat. I enjoyed it immensely: not only on account of the excellent music made on the occasion, but also because it is always pleasant to have a good FIRST CLASS instrument to play upon; and when Harry Sanderson asked me to visit your Establishment, I was not prepared to find *such* Pianos What more can be desired than the excellence of these instruments I don't know; for in every particular as to tone, touch, quality or power, they are PERFECT.

"The duets played by Sanderson and myself proved the EQUALITY of the Pianos, for no matter which instrument we played upon, and I believe we tried eight or ten of them, the effect was always the same.—Truly yours.

"NEW YORK, June, 1864. "ROBERT HELLER."

DESCRIPTION OF STYLES

OF

BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES.

No. 1. 7 Octave, French round corners, plain.

No. 2. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, moulding on plinth, carved lyre and scroll desk.

No. 4. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, mouldings on rim and plinth, carved lyre and scroll desk.

No. 4½. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, LARGE MOULDINGS on rim, mouldings on plinth, BEVELED TOP, carved lyre and scroll desk.

No. 5. 7 Octave, LARGE SCALE, front large round corners, BEVELED TOP, mouldings on rim and SERPENTINE MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, Gothic or fluted legs, carved lyre and desk.

No. 6. 7 Octave, Same style as No. 5, with addition of CARVED LEGS.

No. 7. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, mouldings on plinth, fluted or Gothic legs, fancy lyre and desk, Large Scale.

No. 8. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, carved legs and lyre, Large Scale.

No. 9. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, SERPENTINE MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, carved legs and lyre, Large Scale.

No. 10. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, mouldings on rim, serpentine mouldings on plinth, extra carved legs and lyre.

No. 10½. 7 Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, finished all round, extra mouldings on rim, LARGE SERPENTINE MOULDINGS on plinth, elegantly carved legs, lyre, and desk.

No. 11. 7⅓ Octave, FOUR LARGE LOUND CORNERS, finished all round, MOULDINGS on rim. LARGE SERPENTINE MOULDINGS ON PLINTH, ELEGANTLY CARVED legs, lyre, and desk.

No. 11½. 7 Octave, same as No. 10½, with extra mouldings. *A very rich case.*

No. 12. 7½ Octave, FOUR LARGE ROUND CORNERS, ELEGANTLY CARVED CASE, legs, and lyre, elegant mouldings.

No. 13. 7½ Octave, Agrasse; EXTRA CARVING on case, legs, and lyre. AN ELEGANT INSTRUMENT IN ALL RESPECTS.

No. 14. Grands, according to style of case.

EXTRA. School Piano, 7 Octave, rich black walnut case, a superior instrument for Schools, made to order.

All the above Instruments are made with Bradbury's New Scale, full iron frame, overstrung bass, and French Grand Action. Every Instrument fully warranted.

PALM LEAVES.

A COLLECTION OF

SUNDAY SCHOOL TUNES AND CAROLS

FOR THE USE OF

THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY THE

REV'D W. H. COOKE,

RECTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, LANSINGBURGH, N. Y.

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NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY WM. B. BRADBURY, 425 & 427 BROOME STREET.

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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by WM. B. BRADBURY, in the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

PREFACE.

HAVING felt the necessity, with many of our Church Clergymen, of an easy and comprehensive collection of tunes, suitable to the wants of our Sunday Schools, it has been my endeavour in this little volume to meet, in a measure, the desire of many little hearts, through which their voices might be united in the glorious "Hosannas of the Lamb."

A strict adherence to words already accepted, and an arrangement of the music according to the various themes of the Christian year, will doubtless enhance the value of the work in the estimation of *Churchmen;* while the *catholicity* of its sentiments will enable all Christian bodies to accept it as a useful auxiliary in attracting and interesting the children of their Sunday Schools.

Many of the tunes are entirely *new*, and never before published, while all have been carefully selected from various standard composers, whose kindness in permitting their use, I desire to acknowledge. Especially am I indebted to Mr. WM. B. BRADBURY, for his valuable suggestions and the use of a number of tunes, selected from "The Golden Chain," "Pilgrims' Songs," etc.

Trusting that the "Palm Leaves," in being acceptable to those for whom it was especially designed, may also be acceptable to Him, to whom all praise is due,—we trust that it may prove a benefit to the Church at large, and an instrument in the hands of God, in awaking a most lively interest in the great work of the Sunday School.

W. H. COOKE.
RECTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH.

LANSINGBURGH, N. Y., May 22, 1865.

HENRY BEYER, Music Stereotyper, 19 Chatham St., N. Y.

PALM LEAVES.

No. 1. L. M. **Opening School.** From "Pilgrim Songs." By permission.

1. AS-SEMBLED in our school once more, O Lord, thy blessings we im-plore;
We meet to learn and sing and pray, Be with us then thro' this Thy day.

2.
Our fervent prayer to Thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends,
And when we in Thy House appear,
Help us to worship in Thy fear.

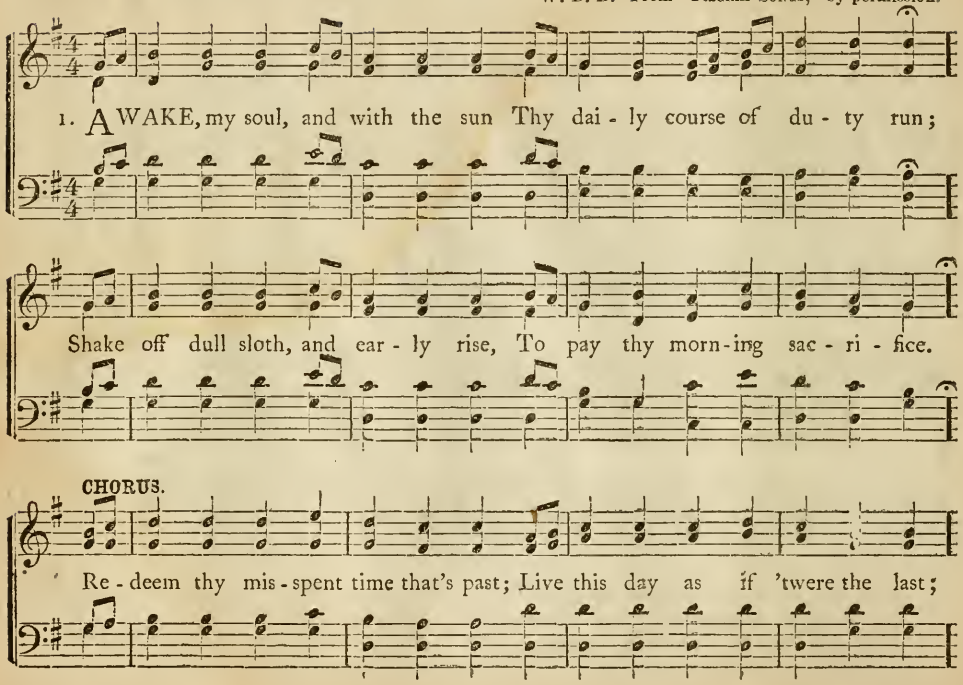
3.
When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar,
And praise Thee in seraphic strains
Where an eternal rest remains.

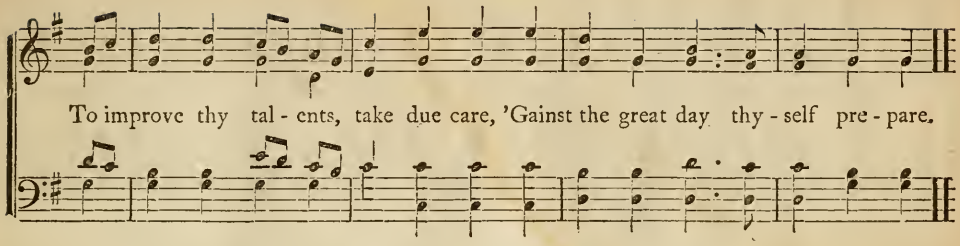
No. 2. L. M. WITH CHORUS.

Opening School.

HY. 164.

W. B. B. From "PILGRIM SONGS," by permission.





2.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how th' all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

3.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
"Glory to thee. eternal King."

4.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

No. 3. IV. 2.

Opening School.

Rev. W. H. COOKE.

1. WE meet in the presence of God, Preserved by his guardi-an care, We look to his heavenly a-

- bode, And offer thanksgiving and pray'r. 2. He bids us in childhood and youth To heav'nly instruction at-

- tend, To read the blest volume of truth, And trust in a heavenly Friend.

3.

His word we must learn to obey,
And ask him to pardon our sin;
'Tis Jesus has opened the way,
His blood can remove every stain.

With Gentleness. WM. B. BRADBURY, by permission.

1. NOW the shades of night are gone, Now the morn - ing light is come;

Lord, may we be Thine to - day; Drive the shades of sin a - way.

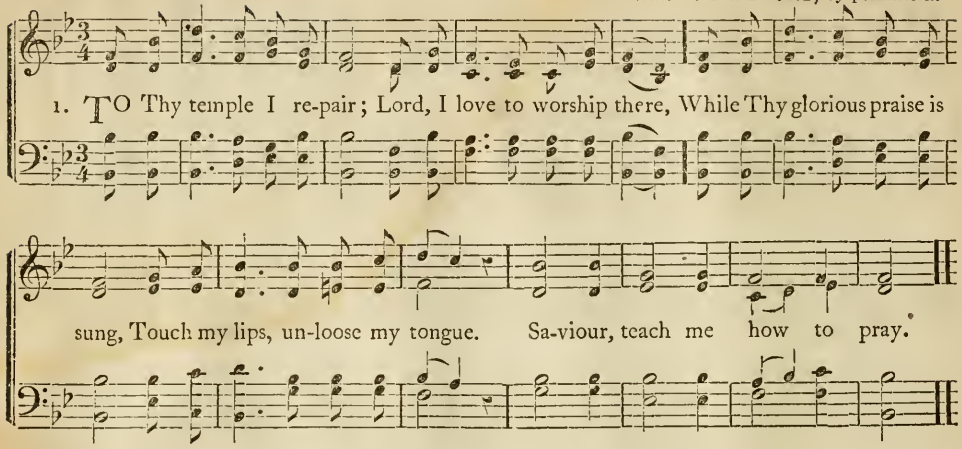
2. Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;
In Thy service, Lord, to-day
May we labor, watch, and pray.

3. Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4. When our work of life is past,
Oh, receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

Closing School.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by permission.

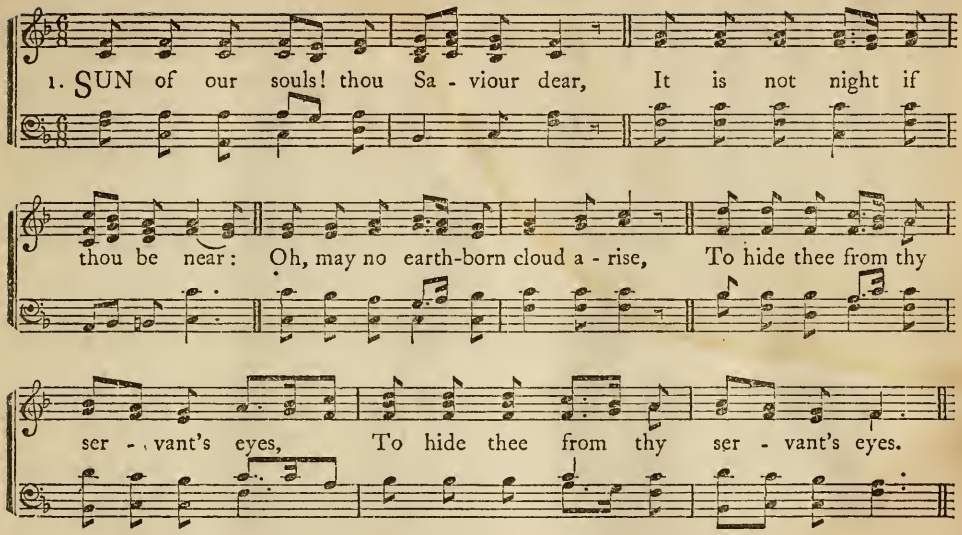


2. While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3. While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

4. While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from on high.

5. From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with Thee to-day."



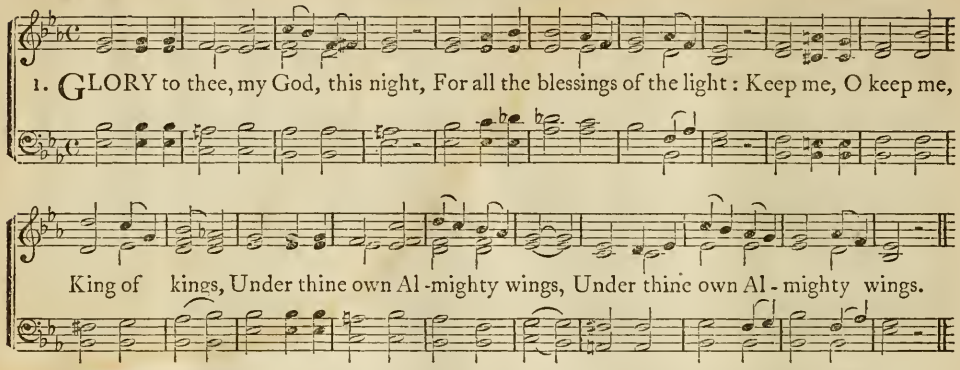
2.

Abide with us from morn till eve,
For without thee we cannot live;
Abide with us when night is nigh,
For without thee we cannot die.

3.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

 No. 7. STEPHENS. L. M. **Closing School.** Hy. 168. REV. W. H. COOKE.



2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

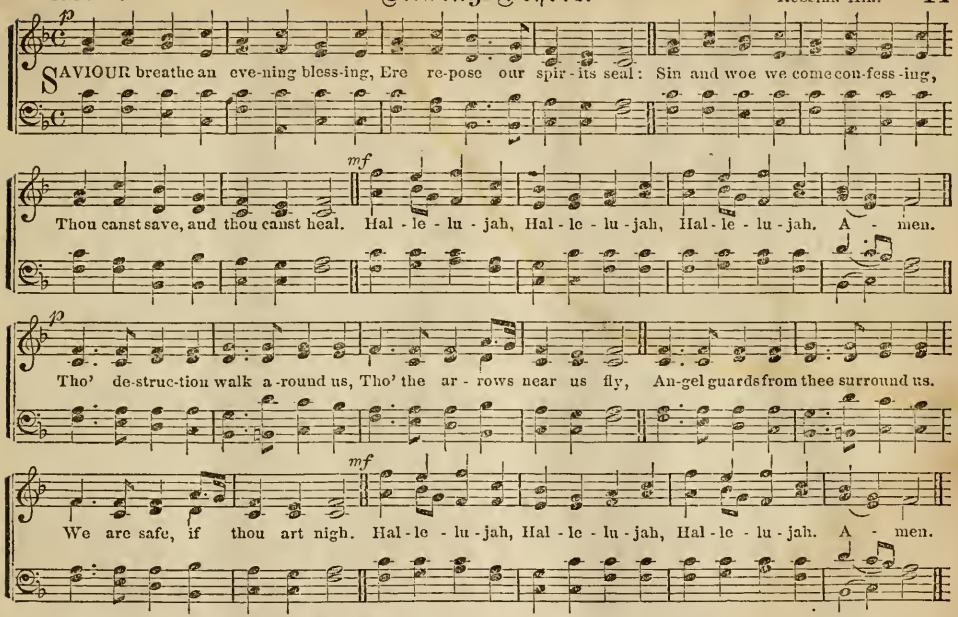
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Oh! when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King!

7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee:
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
Hallelujah. Amen.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.
Hallelujah. Amen.

Advent.

Hy. 42.

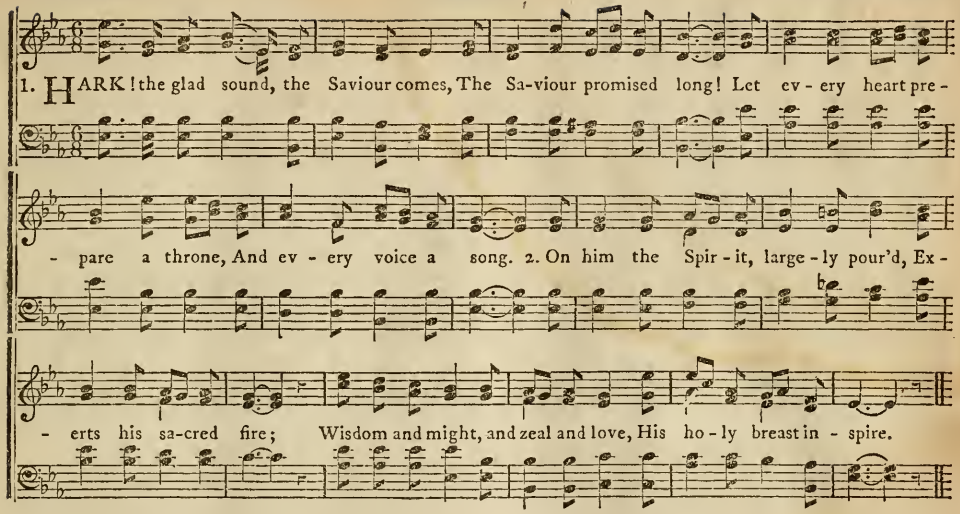
WM. B. BRADBURY. From "Oriola," by perm.

Chorus. *Cres.*

1. HAIL, thou long-ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set thy peo - ple free!
From our sins and fears re - lease us, Let us find our rest in thee! } Israel's strength and
2. Born thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us for ev - er, Now thy gracious kingdom bring. } By thine own e -

con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the saints thou art; Long de-sired of ev - ery na - tion,
- ter - nal spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone; By thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it,

Joy to ev-ery wait-ing heart; Long desired of ev-ery na-tion, Joy to ev-ery wait-ing heart.
Raise us to thy glorious throne; By thine all-suf - ficient merit, Raise us to thy glorious throne.



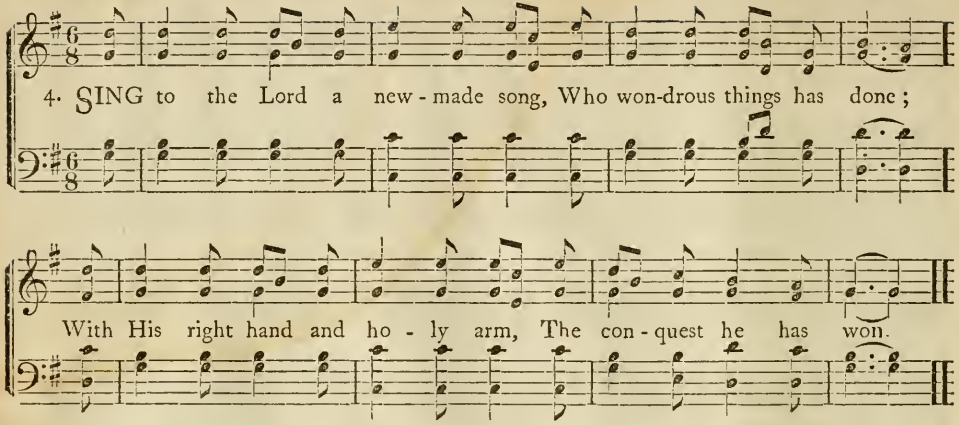
3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice.
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring,
With thy beloved name.

No. 11. PSALM 77. C. M. **Advent.** WM. B. BRADBURY.



2. The Lord has through th'astonished world
   Displayed his saving might,
   And made his righteous acts appear
   In all the Heathens' sight.

3. Of Israel's house his love and truth
   Have ever mindful been;
   Wide earth's remotest parts the power
   Of Israel's God have seen.

4. Let therefore earth's inhabitants
   Their cheerful voices raise,
   And all with universal joy
   Resound their Maker's praise.

5. With harp and hymn's soft melody,
   Into the concert bring
   The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound,
   Before th'Almighty King.

6. Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
   With all that seas contain;
   The earth and her inhabitants
   Join concert with the main.

1. LO! He comes, in clouds de-scending, Once on earth for sin-ners slain, Thousand, thousand saints at-

FINE.

- tend-ing, Swell the tri-umph of His train. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus

comes on earth to reign. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes on earth to reign.

2.

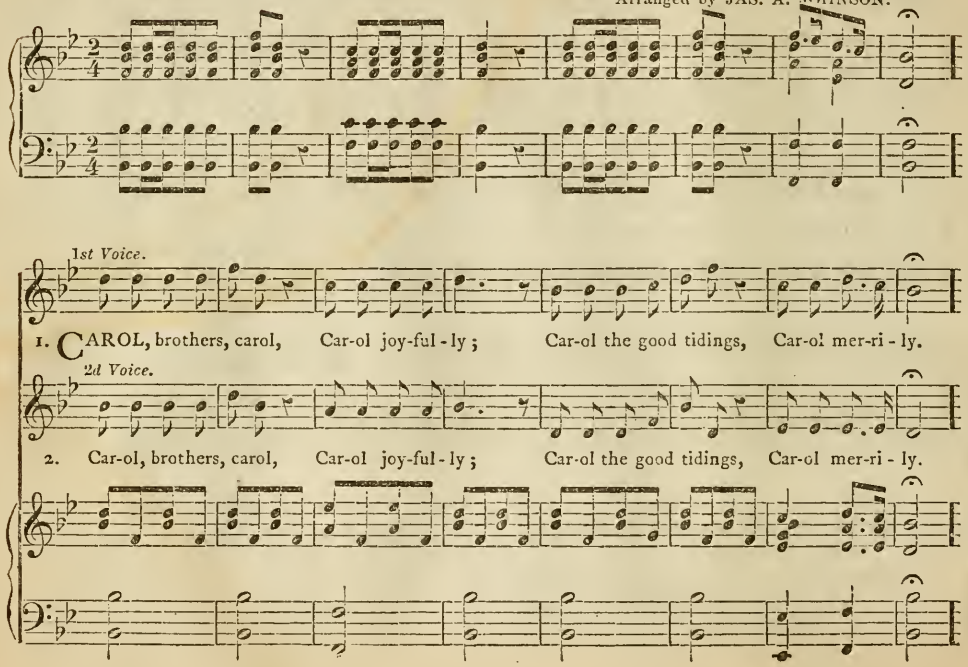
Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3.

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take Thy power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own.
Hallelujah!
Come and make Thy glory known.

No. 13. "CAROL, BROTHERS, CAROL."

Words and Music by W. A. MUHLENBERG, D.D.
Arranged by JAS. A. JOHNSON.



Chorus.

f Animato.

Tenor *Unison.*

Carol, brothers, carol, Car-ol joy-ful-ly, Car-ol the good tidings, Car-ol mer-ri - ly; And

Soprano.

Alto.

Carol, brothers, carol, Car-ol joy-ful-ly, Car-ol the good tidings, Car-ol mer-ri - ly; And

Bass.

Fine.

pray a gladsome Christmas For all good Christian men. Carol, brothers, carol, Christmas day a-gain.

pray a gladsome Christmas For all good Christian men. Carol, brothers, carol, Christmas day a-gain.

No. 13.—Concluded.

Duet. Andante.

1st Voice.

2d Voice.

1. Car - ol, but with glad-ness, Not in songs of earth: On the Saviour's birthday, Hallowed be our mirth;
2. At the mer - ry ta - ble, Think of those who've none, The orphan and the widow, Hungry and a - lone,
3. Listening an-gel mu - sic, Discord sure must cease— Who dare hate his brother On this day of peace?
4. Let our hearts, responding To the Seraph Band, Wish this morning's sunshine Bright in every land,—

p *f* *ff*

D. C. Chorus.

While a thousand blessings Fill our hearts with glee, Christmas day we'll keep, The Feast of charity.
Bountiful your offerings To the Altar bring, Let the poor and needy Christmas carols sing.
While the heavens are telling To mankind good will, Only love and kindness Every bosom fill.
Word, and deed, and prayer Speed the grateful sound, Telling "Merry Christmas" All the world around!

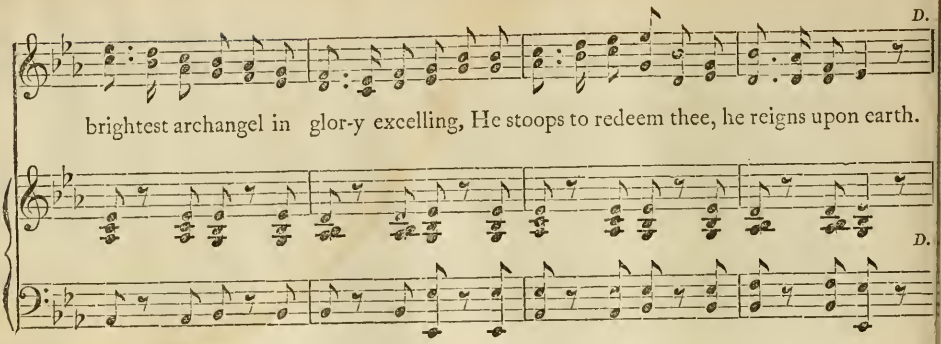
Rev. W. H. COOKE.

Chorus. *Unison.* *Fine.*

SHOUT the glad tid-ings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing; Je-ru-salem triumphs, Messi-ah is King.

Duett.

Zi-on! the marvellous stor-y be telling, The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth! The



2.

Tell how he cometh, from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crown'd.

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

3.

Mortals! your homage be gratefully bring-ing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise
Ye angels! the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies:

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

No. 15. THREE KINGS OF ORIENT. Words and Music by JR.

GASPARD.

1. WE Three Kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we tra-verse a

5. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise, KING, and GOD, and SA - CRI-

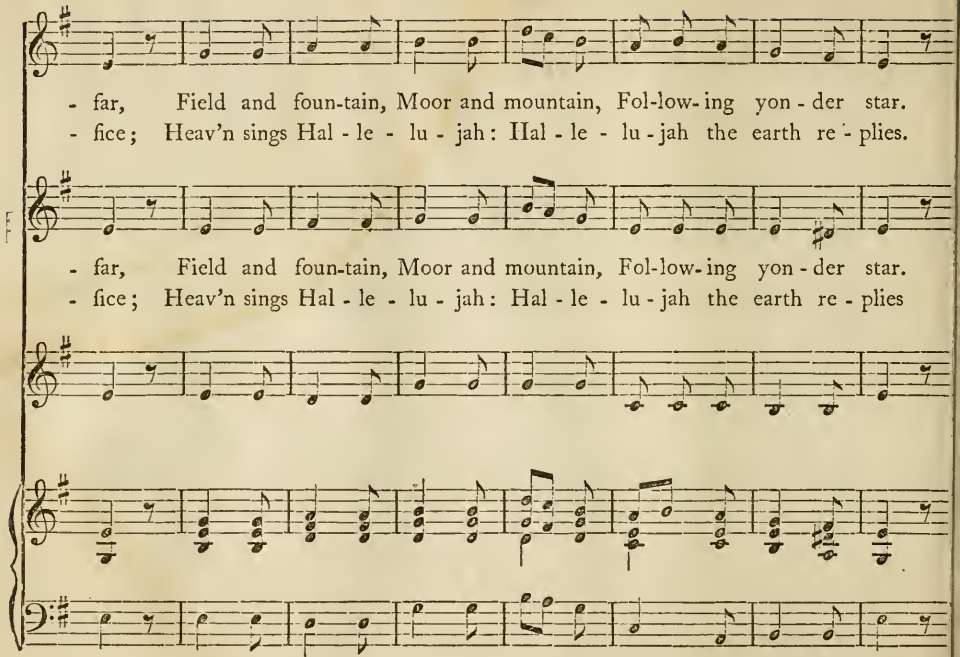
MELCHIOR.

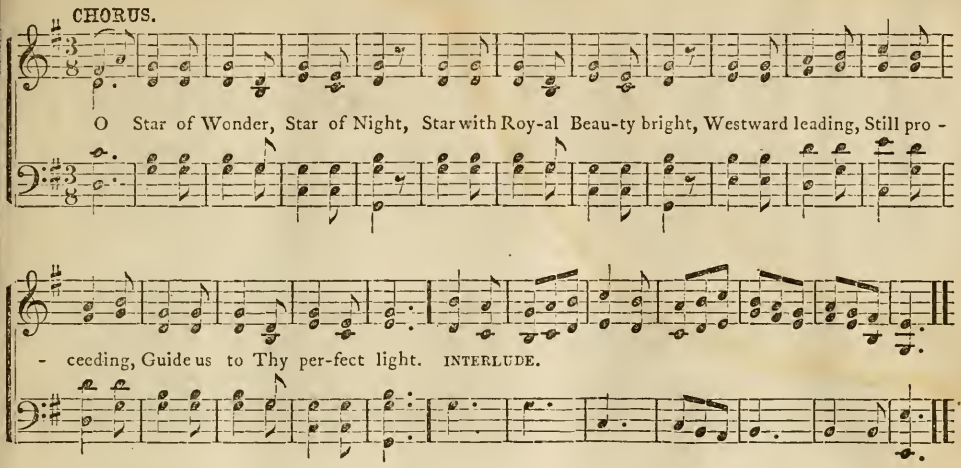
1. We Three Kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we tra-verse a

5. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise, KING, and GOD, and SA - CRI-

BALTHAZAR.

N. B.—Each of stanzas 2, 3 and 4, is sung as a solo, to the music of Gaspard's part in the 1st and 5th verses, the accompaniment and chorus being the same throughout. Only stanzas 1 and 5 are sung as a trio. Men's voices are best for the parts of the Three Kings, but the music is set in the G clef for the accommodation of children.


- far, Field and foun-tain, Moor and mountain, Fol-low-ing yon - der star.
- fice; Heav'n sings Hal - le - lu - jah: Hal - le - lu - jah the earth re - plies.
- far, Field and foun-tain, Moor and mountain, Fol-low-ing yon - der star.
- fice; Heav'n sings Hal - le - lu - jah: Hal - le - lu - jah the earth re - plies



Gaspard.

2.

Born a King on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again,
King for ever,
Ceasing never
Over us all to reign.
O Star, &c.

Melchior.

3.

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh:
Prayer and praising
All men raising,
Worship Him, God on High.
O Star, &c.

Balthazar.

4.

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
O Star, &c.

No. 16. CHRIST WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

Maestoso.

Christ was born on Christmas day, Wreathe the hol-ly, twine the bay, Light and life and

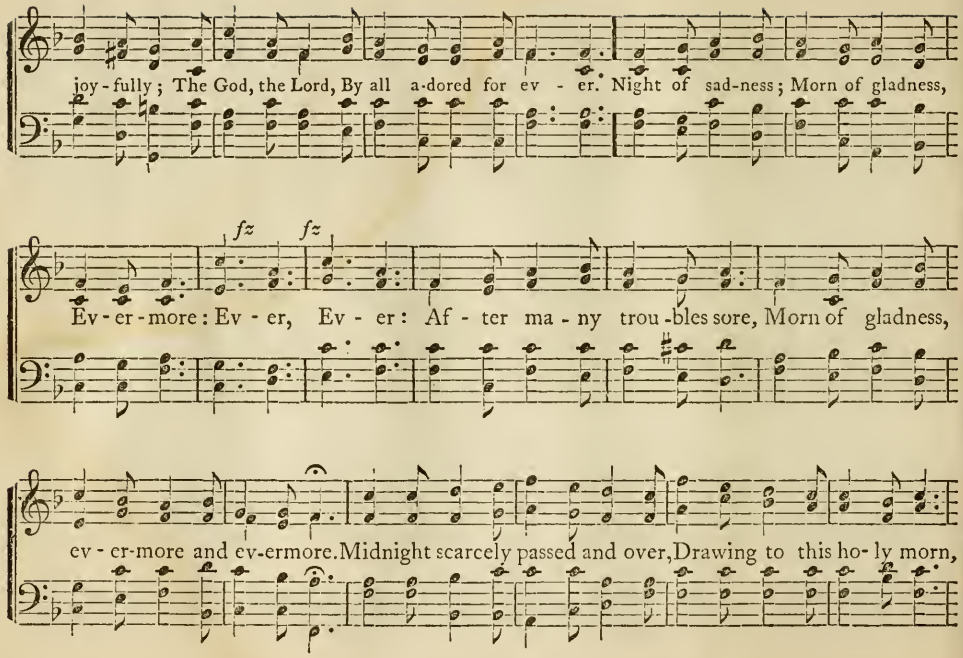
joy is he; The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Ma- ry. He is born to set us free,

He is born our Lord to be, Car - ol, Christians, joy - fully: The God, the Lord, By

all adored for ev - er. Let the bright red berries glow, Everywhere in goodly show:

Light and life and joy is he; The Babe, the Son, The Ho - ly One of Ma - ry.

Christian men, re - joice and sing, 'Tis the birthday of a King, Car-ol, Christians,


joy - fully; The God, the Lord, By all a-dored for ev - er. Night of sad-ness; Morn of gladness,
fz fz
Ev - er - more: Ev - er, Ev - er: Af - ter ma - ny trou - bles sore, Morn of gladness,
ev - er-more and ev-ermore. Midnight scarcely passed and over, Drawing to this ho - ly morn,

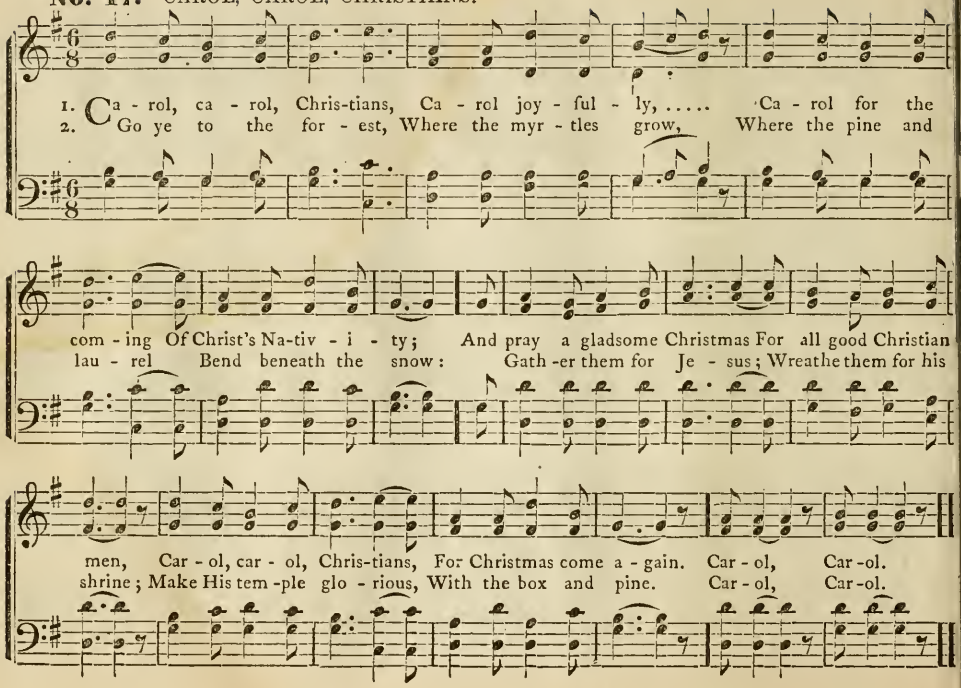
Ve - ry ear - ly, ve - ry ear-ly Christ was born. Sing out with bliss, His name is this : Em-

piu lento. *a tempo.*

- man-u - el; As was foretold In days of old By - Ga - bri - el. Midnight scarcely

pass'd and o - ver, Drawing to this ho - ly morn; Ve - ry ear - ly, Ve - ry ear-ly Christ was born.

No. 17. CAROL, CAROL, CHRISTIANS.



Chorus—to each verse.

No. 17.—Concluded.

Animato.—ff

Ca - rol, ca - rol, Christians, Ca - rol joy - ful - ly..... Ca - rol for the

com - ing Of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty... Ca - rol! Ca - rol!

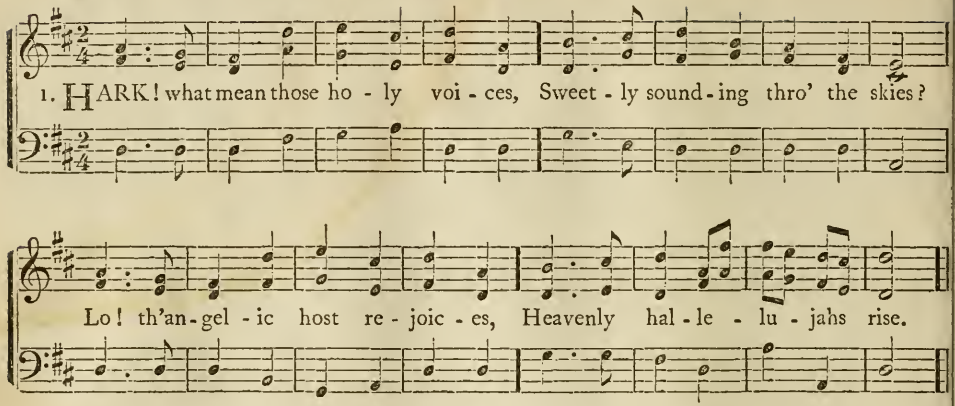
3. Wreathe your Christmas garland,
Where, to Christ, we pray;
It shall smell like Carmel
On our festal day;
Libanus and Sharon
Shall not greener be,
Than our holy chancel,
On Christ's Nativity.
Carol, Carol, &c.

4. Carol, carol, Christians!
Like the Magi now,
Ye must lade your caskets,
With a grateful vow;
Ye must have sweet incense,
Myrrh and finest gold,
At our Christmas altar,
Humbly to unfold.
Carol, Carol, &c.

5. Blow, blow up the trumpet,
For our solemn feast;
Gird thine armor, Christian,
Wear thy surplice, priest!
Go ye to the altar,
Pray, with fervor, pray,
For Jesus' second coming,
And the Latter Day.
Carol, Carol, &c.

6. Give us grace, O Saviour,
To put off in might,
Deeds and dreams of darkness,
For the robes of light!
And to live as lowly,
As Thyself with men;
So to rise in glory,
When Thou com'st again.
Carol, Carol, &c.

No. 18.—HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES. HERALD.



2. Cherubs tell the wondrous story,
Joyous seraphim reply:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3. "Peace on earth, good will from Heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!
Loud our grateful harps shall sound.

4. "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5. "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn his name to magnify,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
"Glory be to God most High!"

No. 19. THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

1. COME, meet around our Christmas Tree ; Its gifts are spread for you and me ; With curious art and skill that prove. Each

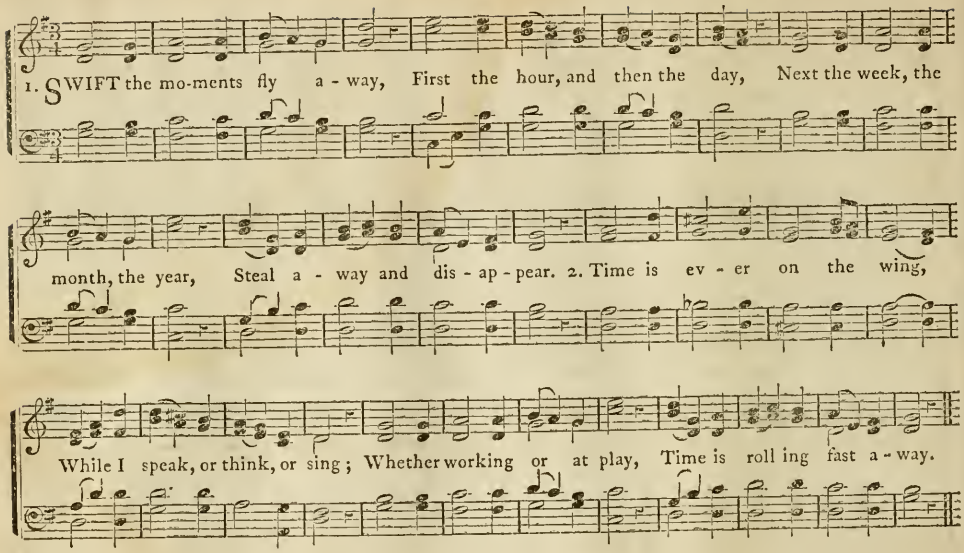
2. Brothers and sis-ters here u-nite, Parents and friends in all delight, Each secret kept with faithful care, Till

CHORUS.

lit-tle work a work of love. Our Christmas Tree, Our Christmas Tree, Come meet around our Christmas Tree. all the gifts of love may share. Our Christmas Tree, &c. *Repeat Chorus.*

3. Why do we prize our Christmas Tree ?
Why do we press its light to see ?
We know there's more than meets the eye
In its outward form of harmony.

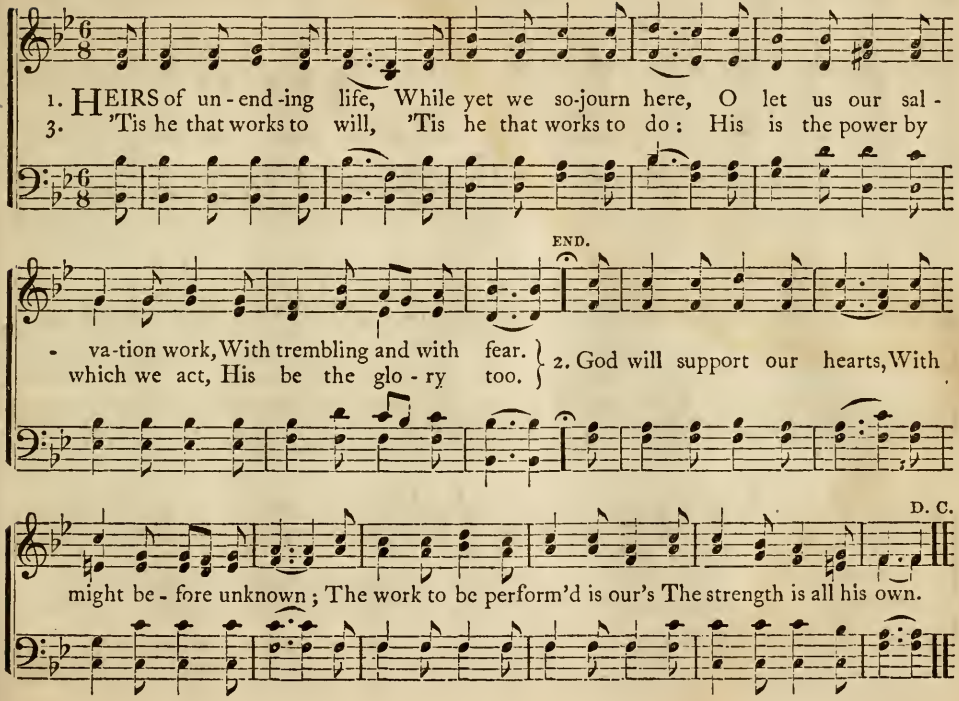
4. We prize the blessings Christmas brought,
The precious things past human thought;
For then in love divine were given
Good will and peace to Earth from Heav'n.

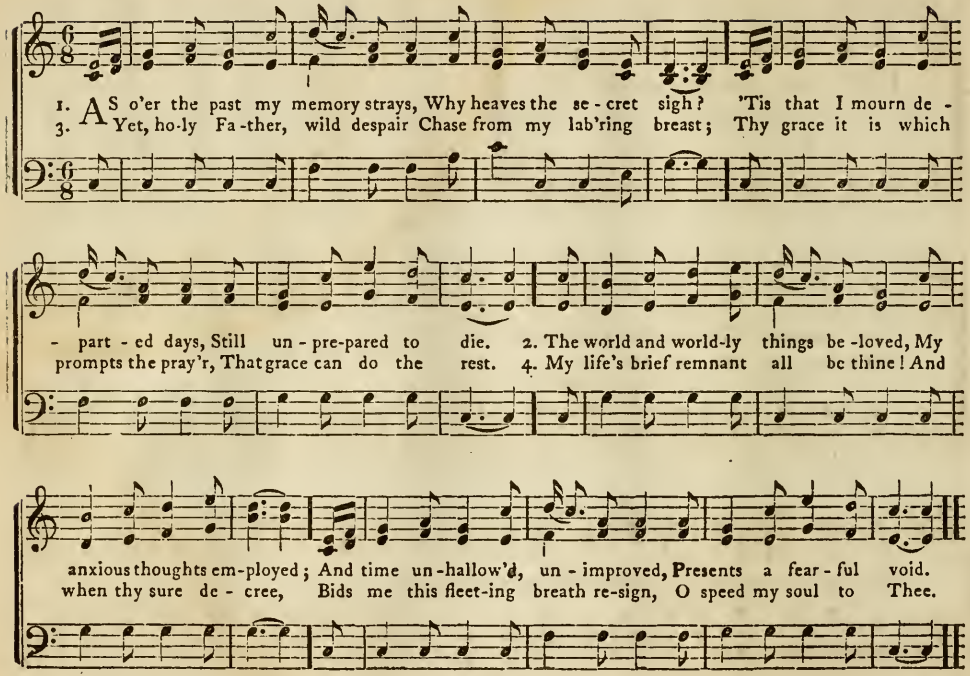


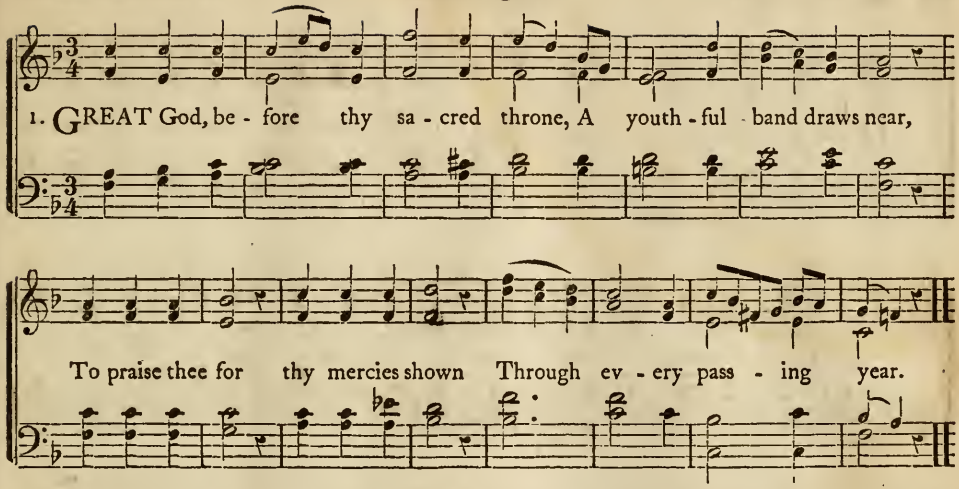
3. Think, my soul! awake and see
What will soon become of thee;
Whither tending, canst thou tell?
Up to heaven, or down to hell?

4. Jesus, I would humbly pray,
Guide and keep me in the way;
Every gift and grace bestow;
Wean my heart from things below.

No. 21. S. M. Triple. Hy. 210. **End of Year.** W. B. B. From the "Golden Chain," by perm.




1. As o'er the past my memory strays, Why heaves the se - cret sigh? 'Tis that I mourn de -
3. Yet, ho-ly Fa-ther, wild despair Chase from my lab'ring breast; Thy grace it is which
- part - ed days, Still un - pre-pared to die. 2. The world and world-ly things be -loved, My
prompts the pray'r, That grace can do the rest. 4. My life's brief remnant all be thine! And
anxious thoughts em-ployed; And time un-hallow'd, un - improved, Presents a fear - ful void.
when thy sure de - cree, Bids me this fleet-ing breath re-sign, O speed my soul to Thee.



2. 'Tis thine indulgent care prolongs
Our transitory days;
And in return demands our songs
Of gratitude and praise.

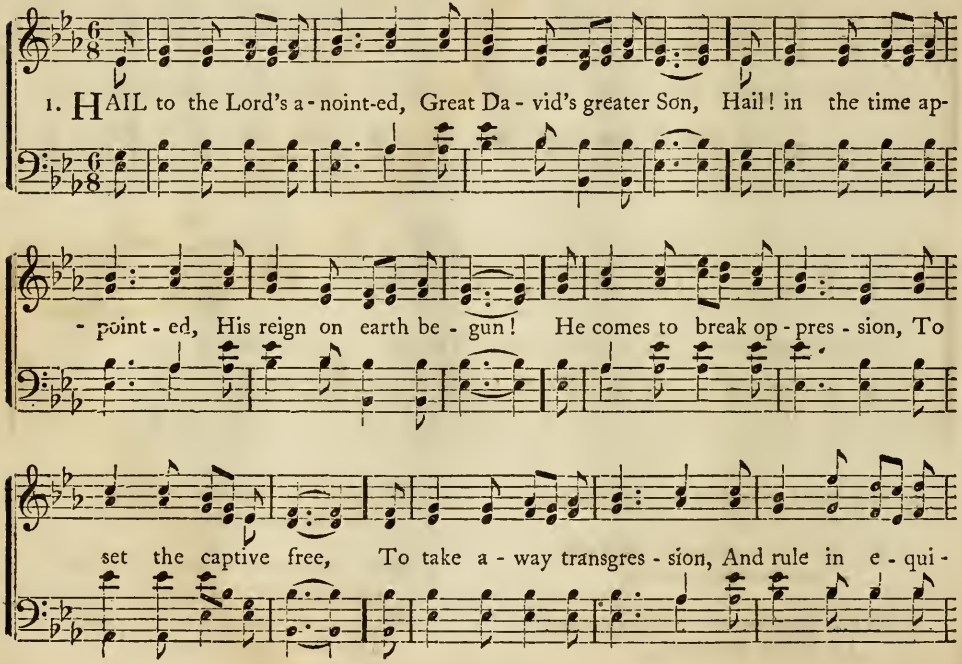
3. What numbers of our helpless race
Are left to run astray,
While we are brought to seek thy face,
And shown the narrow way!

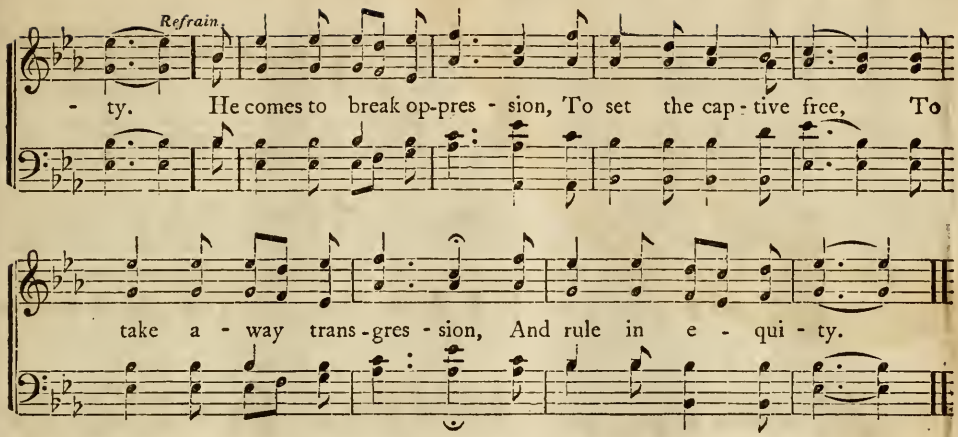
4. When time with us shall be no more,
Oh! may we meet above,
To sing, on heaven's eternal shore,
Thy kind redeeming love!

No. 24. Hy. 54, II.—6.

Epiphany.

From the Golden Shower, by permission.





2. He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3. For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever—
His name to us is Love!

No. 25.—III. 1. Double. **Epiphany.** Rev. W. H. COOKE.

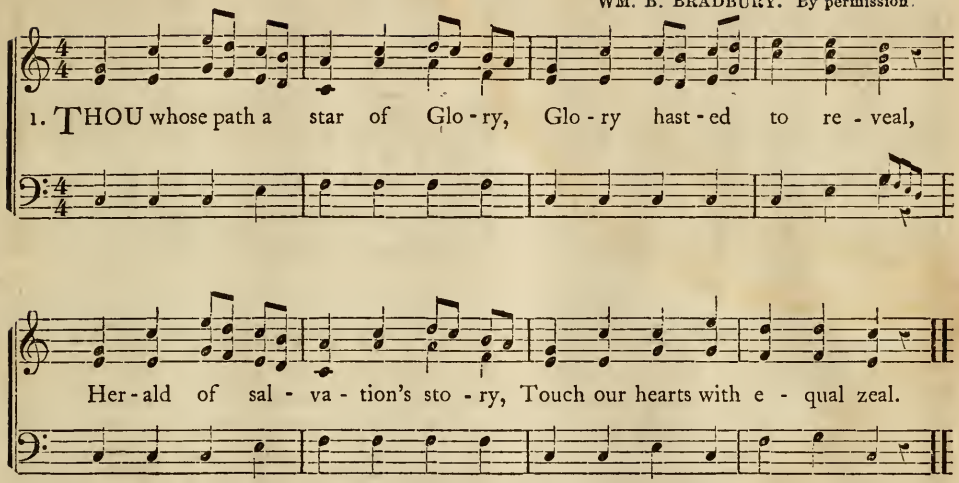
Lively.

1. SONS of men, be-hold from far, Hail the long-ex-pect-ed star; Star of truth that gilds the night, Guides be-wildered na-ture right. Mild it shines on all beneath, Piercing through the shades of death; Scattering error's wide-spread night, Kindling darkness into light, Kindling darkness in-to light.

2. Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare;
Meet Him manifested there.

Sing, ye morning stars again,
God descends to dwell with men,
Deigns for man His life to employ!
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

WM. B. BRADBURY. By permission.



2. Thou whom wond'ring sages offer'd,
Costly gifts and incense sweet,
Take our homage, humbly proffer'd,
Grateful kneeling at Thy feet.

3. Thou at whose approach was given
Welcome from the angel's lyre,
Teach our souls the way to heaven,
Ere we join their tuneful choir.

No. 27. Ps. 75, II.—8.

Epiphany.

From Pilgrims' Songs.

Spirited.

1. SING to the Lord a new - made song: Let earth in one as -

2. He's great, and great - ly to be praised: In ma - jes - ty and

- sem - bled throng, Her com - mon pa - tron's praise re - sound:

D. S. To hea - then lands his fame re - hearse,

glo - ry raised, A - bove all oth - er de - i - ties;

D. S. With ma - jes - ty and hon - or crown'd:

Sing to the Lord, and bless his name, From day to day his
His won - ders to the u - ni - verse.

End. *ff*

For page - an - try and i - dols all, Are they whom gods the
Glo - ry and strength his throne surround.

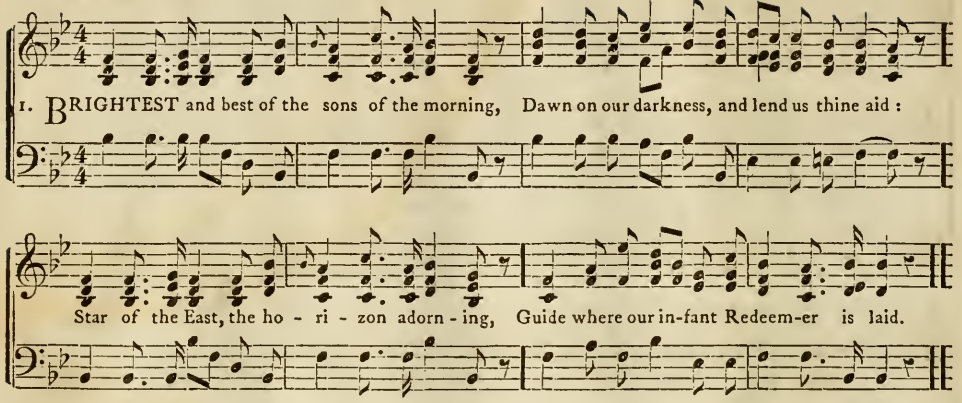
praise pro - claim, Who us has with sal - va - tion crown'd;

Al Segno.

Hea - then call; He on - ly rules who made the skies.

3. Be glory then to him restored
By all who have false gods adored:
Ascribe due honor to his name,
Peace-off'rings on his altar lay;
Before his throne your homage pay,
Which he and he alone can claim:
To worship at his sacred court,
Let all the trembling world resort.

No. 28.—BRIGHTEST AND BEST.



2.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3.

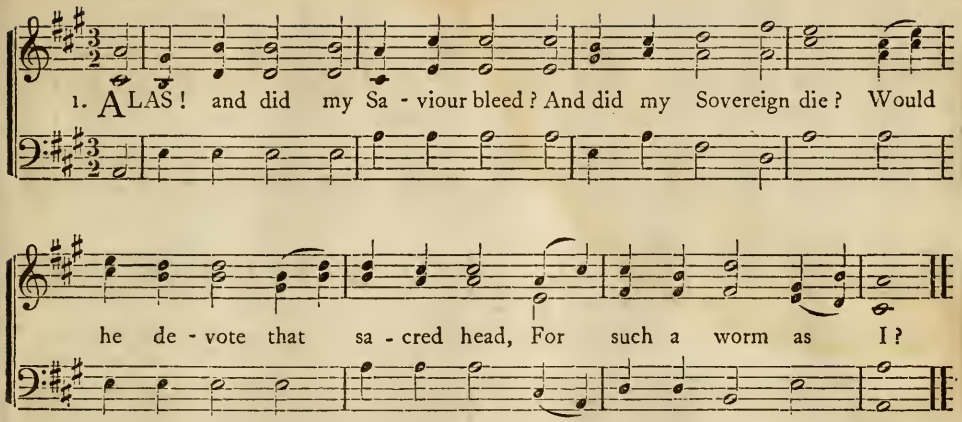
Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean ?
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

4.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.



2. Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ, the mighty Saviour lied,
For man the creature's sin.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears:
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5. But tears of grief can ne'er repay,
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 30.—C. M. Double.

Lent.

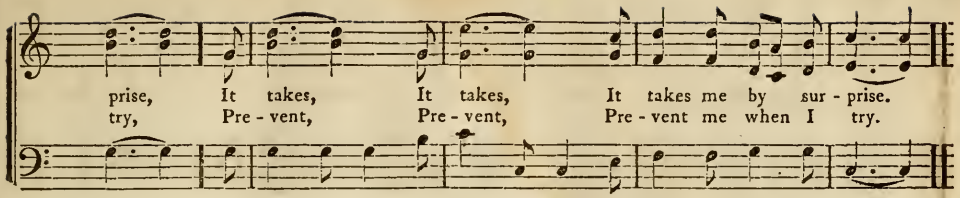
From Golden Chain.

By permission.

1. WHAT is there, Lord, a child can do, Who feels with guilt op - pressed? There's e - vil that I nev-er knew Be - fore with-in my breast.

2. My thoughts are vain, my heart is hard, My tem - per apt to rise, And when I seem up - on my guard, It takes me by sur - lift my fee - ble cry,

3. And yet, if I be - gin to pray, And Some thoughts of fol - ly or of play, Pre - vent me when I



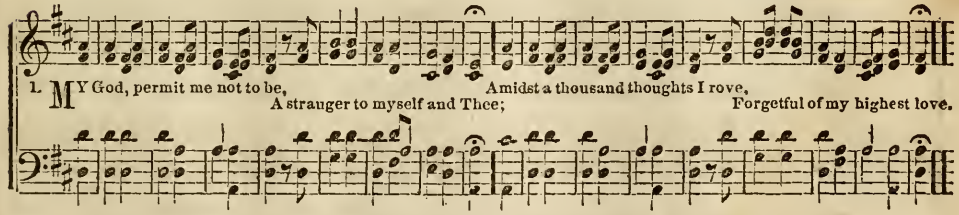
4. On many Sabbaths, though I've heard
Of Jesus and of heaven,
I've scarcely listened to thy word,
Or prayed to be forgiven.

5. O, look, with pity in thine eye,
Upon a heart so hard;
Thou wilt not slight a feeble cry,
Or show it no regard.

No. 31.—L. M. Hy. 57.

Captivity.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2. Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?

3. Call me away from flesh and sense,
Thy grace, O Lord, can call us thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

No. 32. S. M. Double. **Lent.** Hy. 179.

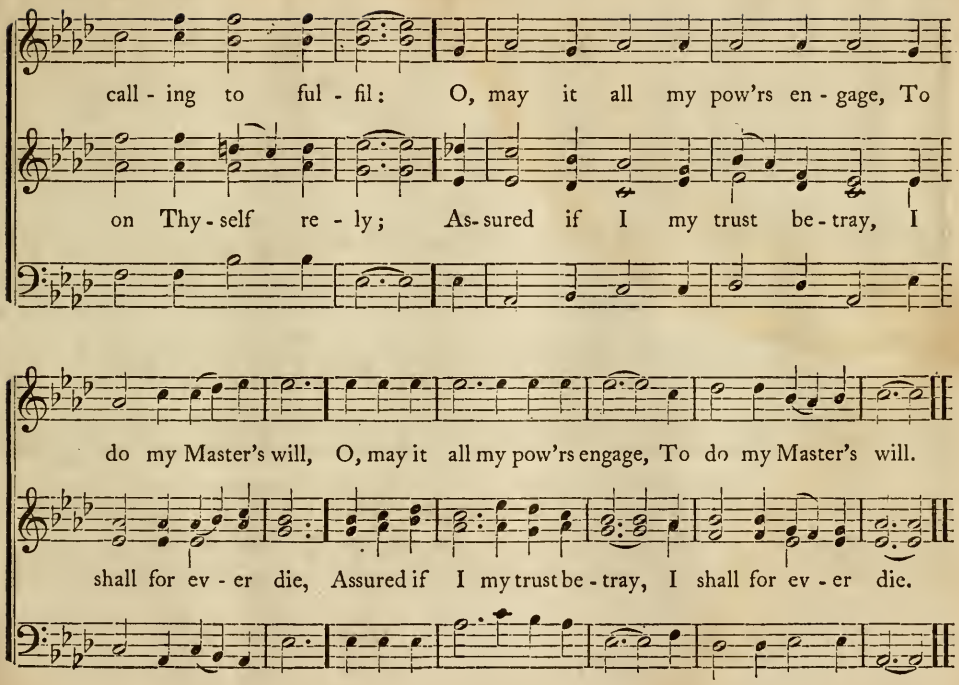
From Bradbury's Anthem Book, by perm.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er - dy - ing

3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live; And O Thy ser - vant,

soul to save, And fit it for the sky. 2. From youth to hoa - ry age, My

Lord, pre-pare A strict ac-count to give. 4. Help me to watch and pray, And


call - ing to ful - fil: O, may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To
on Thy - self re - ly; As - sured if I my trust be - tray, I
do my Master's will, O, may it all my pow'rs engage, To do my Master's will.
shall for ev - er die, Assured if I my trust be - tray, I shall for ev - er die.

No. 33.—C. M. Double. **Lent.** Hy. 64. REV. W. H. COOKE.

Gentle.

1. MY Sa - viour hang-ing on the tree, In a - go - nies and blood, Methought once
3. My conscience felt and own'd the guilt, And plung'd me in des - pair; I saw my

turn'd his eyes on me, As near His cross I stood. 2. Sure, never, till my latest breath, Can
sins his blood had spilt, And help'd to nail him there. 4. A - las! I knew not what I did; But

I for-get that look: It seem'd to charge me with his death, Though not a word he spoke.
now my tears are vain; Where shall my trembling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain;

5. A second look he gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
"This blood is for thy ransom paid,
"I die that thou mays't live."

6. Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.

1. SAVIOUR, when in dust, to Thee, Low we bow th'a-dor-ing knee;
2. O, by all Thy pains and woe, Suf-fer'd once for man be-low,

When re-pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our stream-ing eyes.
Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn li-ta-ny.

3. By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness:

4. By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

5. By Thine hour of dark despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,

6. By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice,—
Jesus, look with pitying eye:
Hear our solemn litany.

No. 35.—L. M. Double. **Lent.** Hy. 62. WM. B. BRADBURY.

GOLDEN CHAIN.

Slow.

1. WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died, My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. 2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to thy blood.

D. S.

END.

Dal Seg.

3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown?

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

1. He is ris - en! He is ris - en! Tell it with a joy - ful voice, He has burst his three days' pri - son, Let the whole wide earth re - joice; Death is con-quered, man is free, Christ has won the vic - to - ry, Death is conquered, man is free, Christ has won the vic - to - ry.

2. Tell it to the sin-ners, weep-ing O - ver deeds in dark-ness done, Wea -ry fast, and vig - il keep - ing, Bright-ly breaks their Eas - ter sun; Blood can wash all sins a - way, Christ has conquered hell to - day, Blood can wash all sins a - way, Christ has conquered hell to - day.

Inst.

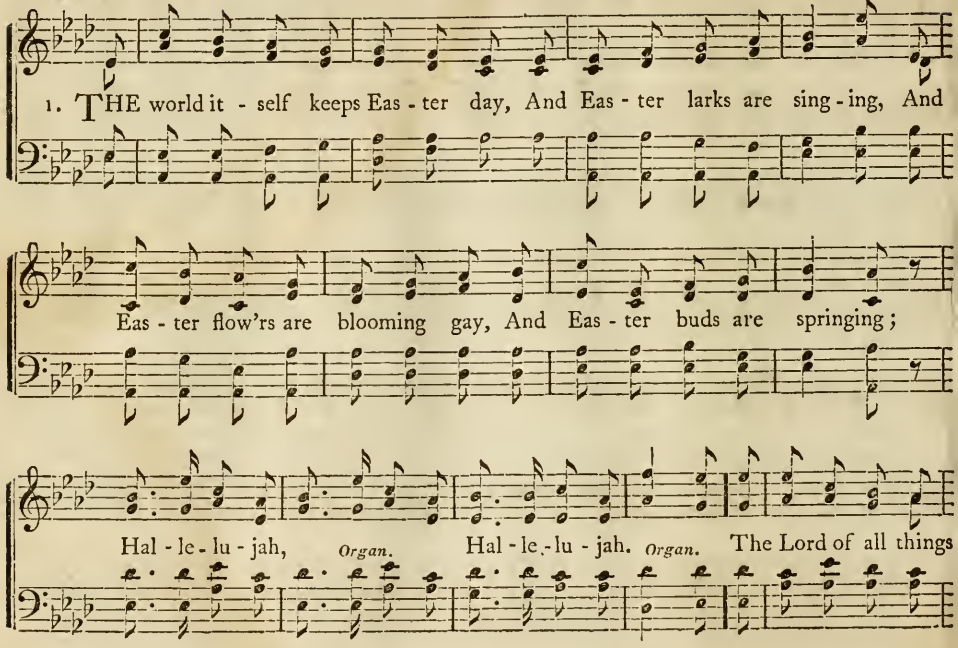
Voice.

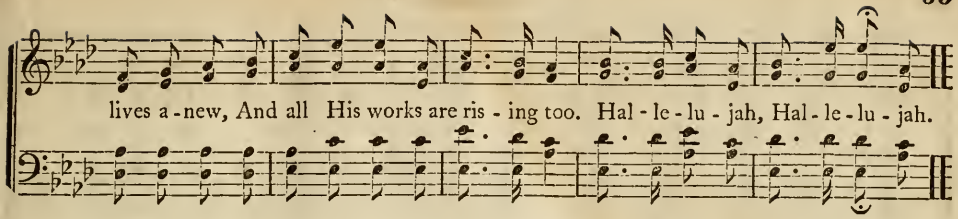
3. Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow;
Lent's long shadows have departed,
All his woes are over now,
And the glorious form he bore,
Mortal ills can vex no more.

4. Come, with high and holy gladness,
Chant our Lord's triumphal lay;
Not one touch of twilight sadness
Dims His Resurrection Day;
Brightly dawns the radiant East,
Brighter far our Easter Feast.

5. He is risen! He is risen!
He has oped the eternal gate;
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state;
Soon a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

No. 37.—THE WORLD ITSELF KEEPS EASTER DAY. REV. W. H. COOKE.





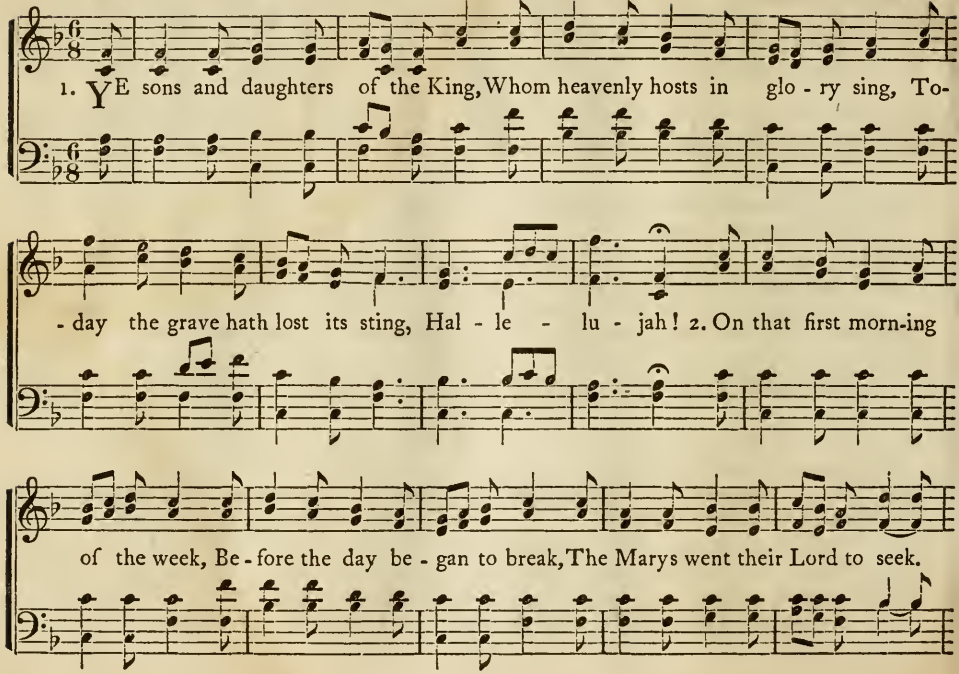
2. There stood three Marys by the tomb,
On Easter morning early,
When day hath scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)
With loving, but with erring mind,
They came the Prince of Life to find:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)

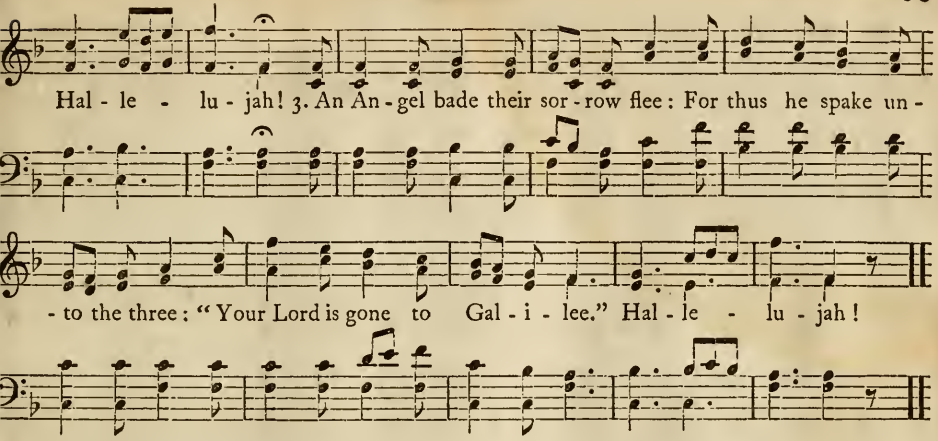
3. But earlier still the Angel sped,
His news of comfort giving;
And "Why," He said "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the Living?"
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)
"Go tell them all, and make them blest;
Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)

4. But one, and one alone remained,
With love that could not vary,
And thus a joy past joy she gained,
The sometime sinner, Mary:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)
The first the dear, dear form to see
Of Him that hung upon the tree:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)

5. The world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing;
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)
The Lord hath risen, as all things tell:
Good Christians, see ye rise as well!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

No. 38.—YE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE KING. Rev. W. H. Cooke.





4. That night the Apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came the Lord most dear,
And said, "Peace be unto you here!"
Hallelujah!

2d Choir. (*Minor.*)

5. When Thomas afterwards had heard
That Jesus had fulfilled his word,
He doubted if it were the Lord.
Hallelujah!

1st Choir. (*Major.*)

6. "Thomas behold my side," said He;
"My hands, My Feet, My Body see;
And doubt not, but believe in Me."
Hallelujah!

2d Choir. (*Minor.*)

7. No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side,
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Hallelujah!

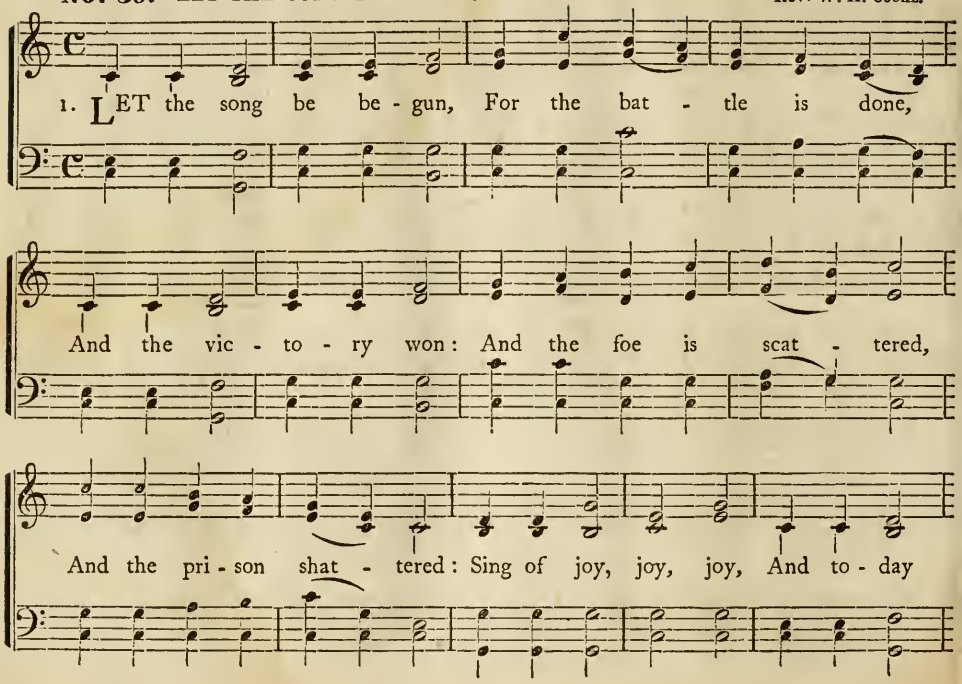
1st Choir. (*Major.*)

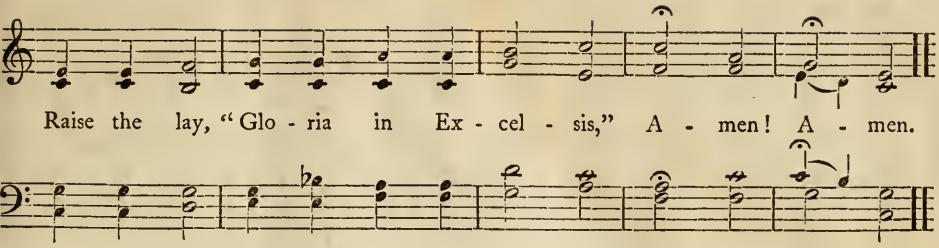
8. Blessed are they that have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
In life eternal they shall reign.
Hallelujah!

2d Choir. (*Minor.*)

9. On this most holy Day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise,
In laud, and jubilee and praise.
Hallelujah!

No. 39.—LET THE SONG BE BEGUN. Rev. W. H. Cooke.



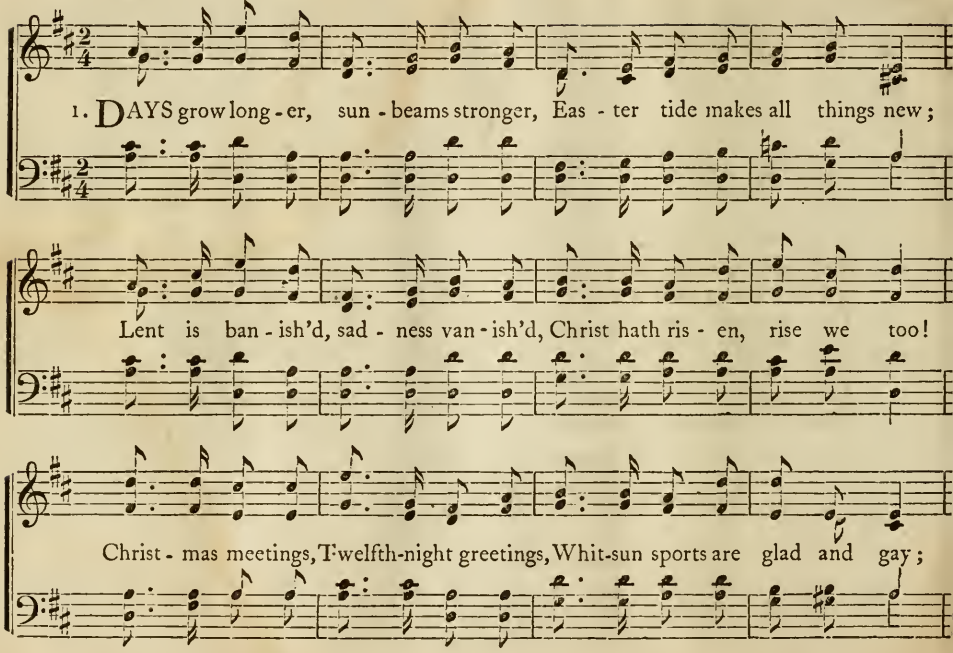


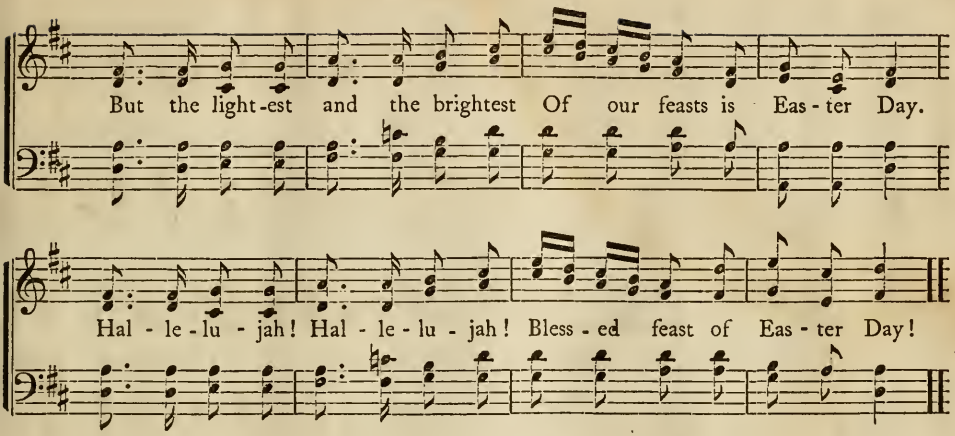
2. They that follow'd in pain,
Shall now follow to reign,
And the crown shall obtain:
They were sore assaulted,
They shall be exalted,
Sing of rest, rest, rest:
And again, Pour the strain,
"Gloria in Excelsis."—Amen!

3. For the foe never more
Can approach to the shore,
Where the conflict is o'er;
There is joy supernal;
There is life eternal;
Sing of peace, peace, peace;
Earth and skies, Bid it rise,
"Gloria in Excelsis."—Amen!

4. Then be brave, then be true,
Ye despised and ye few,
For the crown is for you;
Christ, that went before you;
Spreads His buckler o'er you;
Sing of hope, hope, hope;
And to-day, Raise the lay,
"Gloria in Excelsis."—Amen!

No. 40.—DAYS GROW LONGER. REV. W. H. COOKE.



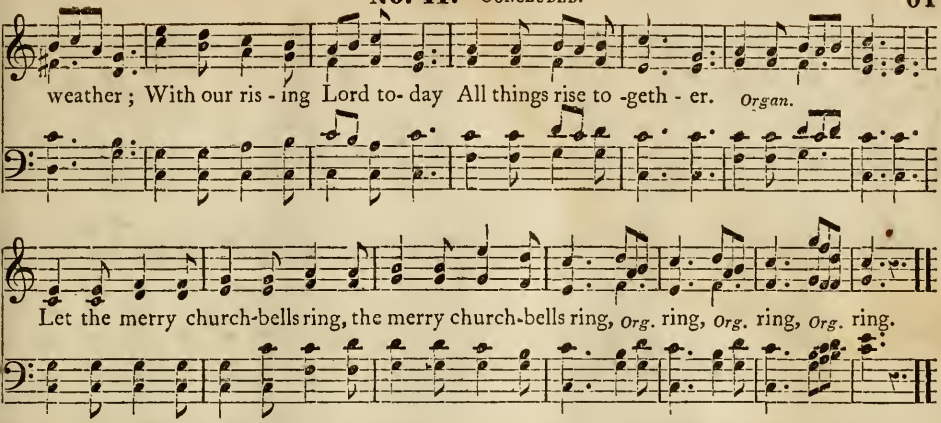


2. Earthly story crowns with glory
Him who earthly foes o'ercame:
Victor's laurel ends the quarrel;
Honor dwells about His name:
Vanquish'd legions, conquer'd regions,
Kings deposed and princes bound,—
Exaltation, acclamation,
Fill His ears and float around.
Hallelujah! Blessed feast of Easter Day.

3. Then unending and transcending
Be the glory of the Son:
For transcendent and resplendent
Was the vict'ry He hath won:
Death hath yielded, life is shielded,
Satan bound, and Hell in chains:
Chased is terror, fled is error,
Grief is past, and joy remains.
Hallelu'ah! Blessed feast of Easter day.

No. 41.—LET THE MERRY CHURCH-BELLS RING. REV. W. H. COOKE.

1. LET the merry church bells ring, ring, ring, ring, *Organ.* Let the merry churchbells ring, Hence with tears and sigh - ing; *Organ.* Frost and cold have fled with spring, Life hath conquer'd dying: Flow'rs are smiling, fields are gay, Sunny is the



2. Let the merry church-bells ring, ring,
ring, ring!
Let the birds sing out again
From their leafy chapel,
Praising him with whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple;
Sounds of joy came fast and thick,
As the breezes flutter;
"Ressurrexit, non est hic,"
Is the strain they utter.
Let the merry church-bells ring, etc.

3. Let the merry church-bells ring, ring,
ring, ring!
Let the past of grief be past;
This our comfort giveth,
He was slain on Friday last,
But to-day He liveth:
Mourning hearts must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it;
Since the very grave can say,
"Christus, resurrexit."
Let the merry church-bells ring, etc.

No. 42.—L. M. Double. **Ascension.** Hy. 73. Rev. W. H. COOKE.

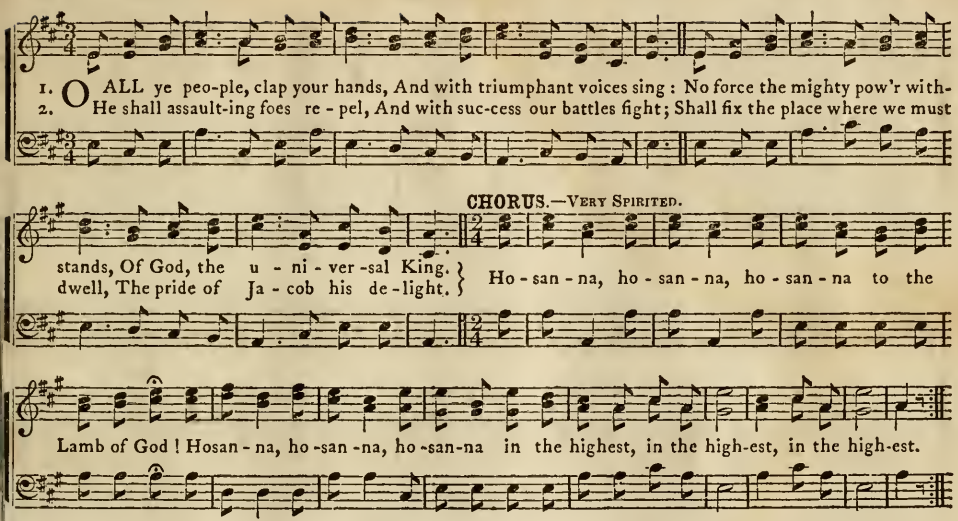
1. OUR Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high; The pow'rs of hell are
3. Loose all your bars of mas - sy light, And wide un -fold the radiant scene; He claims those mansions

cap -tive led, Dragg'd to the por - tals of the sky. 2. There his triumph - al char -iot waits,
as his right; Re-ceive the King of Glo - ry in. 4. "Who is the King of Glo - ry, who?"

And angels chant the solemn lay; Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates! "Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame, The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew, And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5. Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors, give way,"

6. "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless power possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever bless'd.



3.

God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy and trumpet's sound;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song rebound.
Cho.—Hosanna, &c.

4.

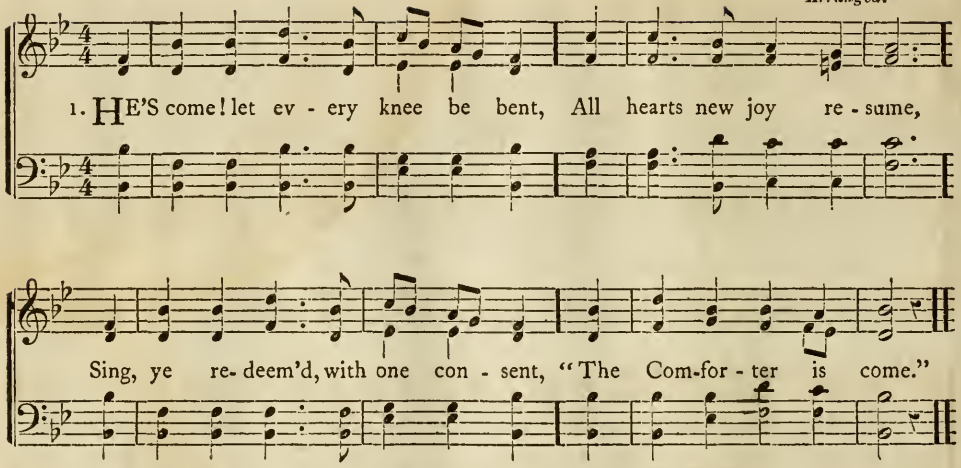
Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
For him who all the world commands,
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.
Cho.—Hosanna, &c.

No. 44.—C. M. Hy. 75.

Whitsunday.

S J. GOODENOUGH.

Arranged.



2. What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below!

3. Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;
Do Thou each sinful thought control.
And fix our wavering zeal.

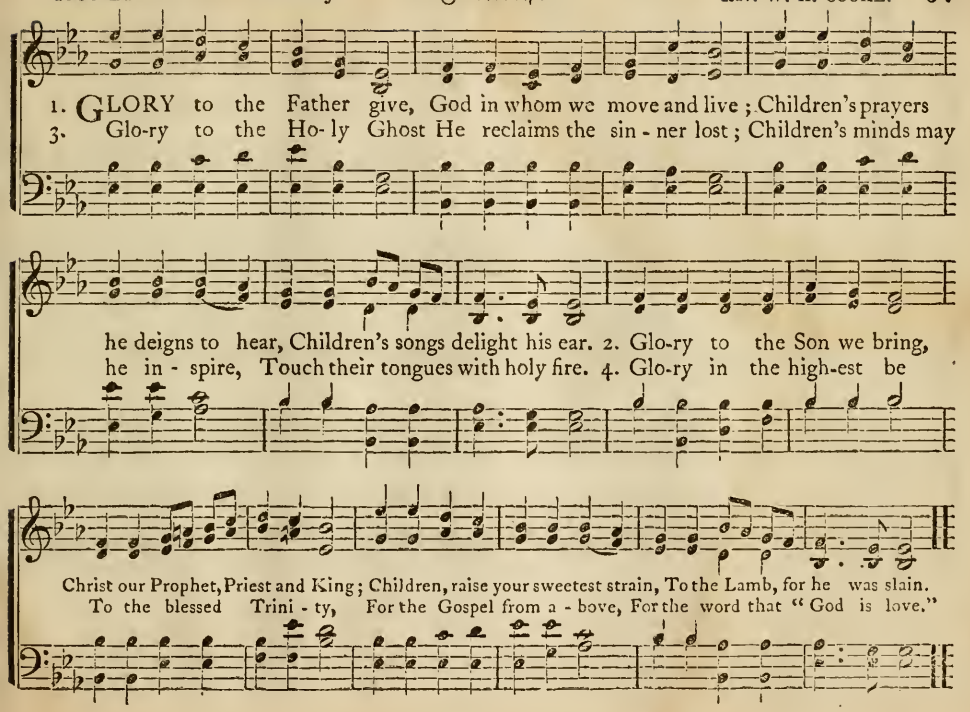
1. GRACIOUS Spir - it, Love di - vine, Let thy light with - in me shine; All my guil - ty fears re-move; Fill me with thy heav'nly love. 2. Speak thy pard'ning grace to me; Set the burdened sin - ner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God, Wash me in his precious blood.

3. Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Enter thou within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4. Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

 No. 46.—C. M. Double. **Trinity.** Ps. 39. From Golden Chain. By permission.

1. WHILE I the King's loud praise rehearse Indicted by my heart, My tongue is like the pen of Him That writes with ready art. 2. How matchless is thy form, O, King, Thy mouth with grace o'erflows, Because fresh blessings God on thee, Eternally be-stows.


1. GLORY to the Father give, God in whom we move and live; Children's prayers
3. Glo-ry to the Ho-ly Ghost He reclaims the sin-ner lost; Children's minds may
he deigns to hear, Children's songs delight his ear. 2. Glo-ry to the Son we bring,
he in-spire, Touch their tongues with holy fire. 4. Glo-ry in the high-est be
Christ our Prophet, Priest and King; Children, raise your sweetest strain, To the Lamb, for he was slain.
To the blessed Trini-ty, For the Gospel from a-bove, For the word that "God is love."

Spirited. By permission.

1. I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The Church our blest Re - - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood. 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls before Thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra - ven on Thy hand.

3. For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4. Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

1. O 'Twas a joy - ful sound, to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say, Up, Is - rael, to the
2. 'Tis thith-er, by di - vine command, The tribes of God re - pair, Be - fore his ark to

tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day! 2. At Sa-lem's courts we must ap - pear, With
cel - e - brate His name with praise and pray'r. 4. O, ev - er pray for Sa-lem's peace; For

our as - sembled pow'rs, In strong and beauteous or - der ranged, Like her u - ni - ted towers.
they shall prosp'rous be, Thou ho - ly ci - ty of our God, Who bear true love to thee.

5. May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found,
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd.

6. For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray—May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

No. 50.—IV. 4. Double. **Holy Scriptures.** Rev. W. H. COOKE.

1. THE Bi - ble! the Bi-ble! more precious than gold, The hopes and the glo-ries its pa -ges un -fold! It
3. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! we hail it with joy; Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ. We'll

Inst.

CHORUS.

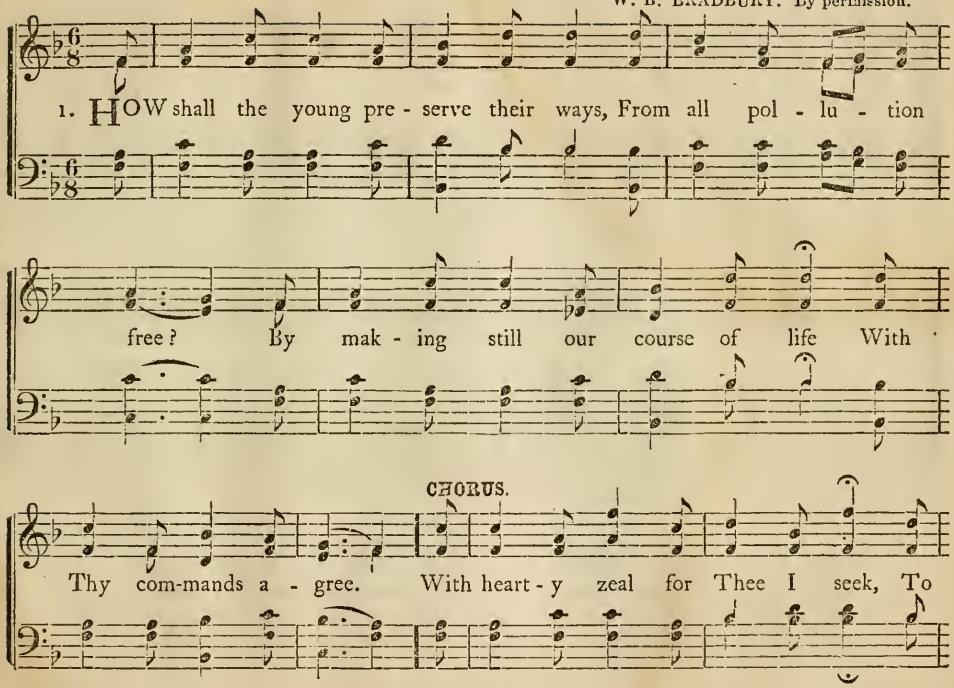
speaks of a Saviour, and tells of his love; It shows us the way to the mansions a-bove.
sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth, And send its glad ti-dings a - far o'er the earth.

2. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! blest volume of truth, How sweet-ly it smiles on the sea -son of youth; It

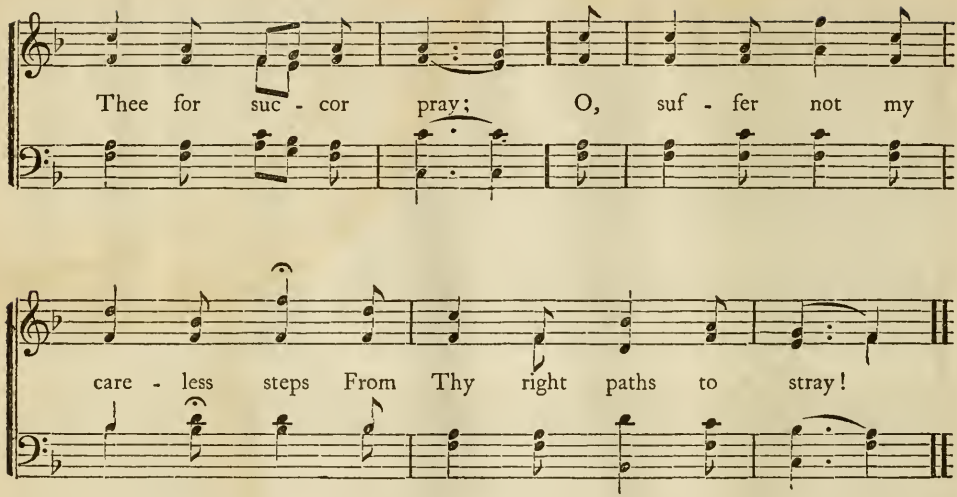
Inst.

bids us seek ear - ly the pearl of great price, Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

W. B. BRADBURY. By permission.



No. 51.—Concluded.



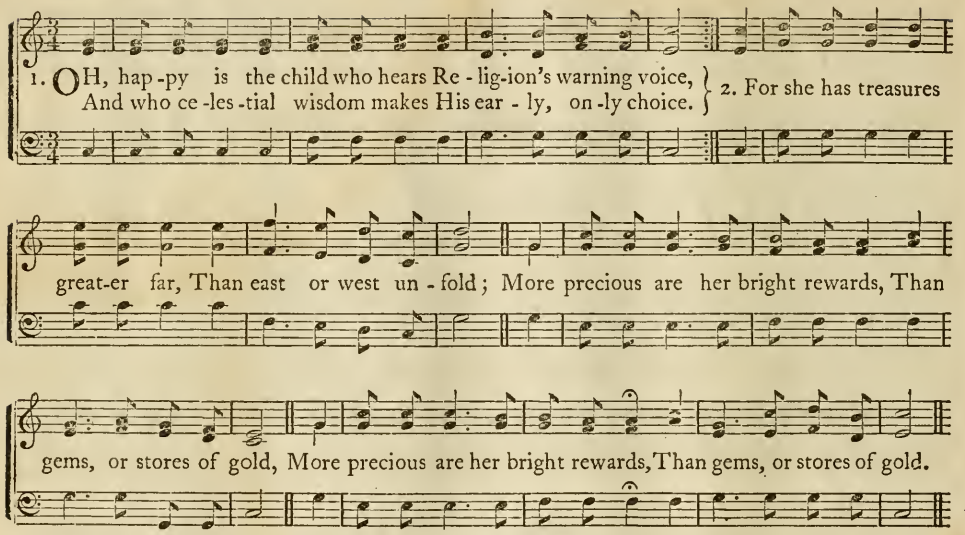
3. Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies,
To succor me with timely aid
When sinful thoughts arise.

4. Secure by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless Thy name;
O, teach me then by Thy just laws
My future life to frame.

1. GOD has said, "For ev - er bless - ed Those who seek Me in their youth, They shall find the path of wis - dom, And the nar-row way of truth", Guide us, Sa -viour, guide us, Sa-viour, In the nar-row way of truth, Guide us, Saviour, guide us, Sa-viour, in the nar-row way of truth.

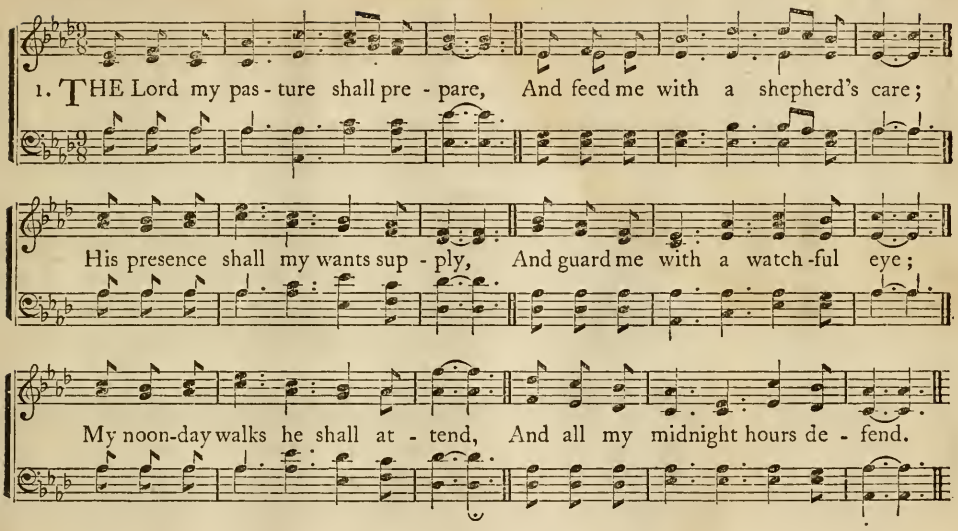
2. Be our strength, for we are weakness,
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side:
Nought can harm us,
While we thus in Thee abide.

3. Thus, when evening shades shall gather,
We may turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our home beyond the sky,—
Gently passing
To that brighter world on high.



3. Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth,
And heavenly crowns displays.

4. And as her holy labors rise,
So her rewards increase,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.



2. When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3. Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread:
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

1. WHEN of old the Jew-ish mothers, Brought their guileless babes to Thee, To Thy stern A-pos-tles' chiding, Thou didst answer ten-der-ly; Gen-tle Je-sus, gen-tle Je-sus, Suf-fer us to come to Thee, Gen-tle Je-sus, Gen-tle Je-sus, Suf-fer us to come to Thee.

CHORUS.

2. Born again and made Thy members,
Here Thy Christian children, we
Press around to share Thy blessing,
Plead thy mercy full and free;
Gentle Jesus, gentle Jesus,
Suffer us to come to Thee.

3. By Thy sign upon our foreheads,
When Thy people bow'd the knee;
By the Name above us spoken,
Of the wond'rous Trinity;
Gentle Jesus, gentle Jesus.
Suffer us to come to Thee.

Brisk.

1. JE-SUS, when a lit - tle child, Taught us what we ought to be; Ho - ly, harm - less,
un - de-filed, Was the Saviour's in - fan - cy; All the Fa-ther's glo - ry shone In the per - son
of his Son, * All the Fa - ther's glo - ry shone, In the per - son of his Son.

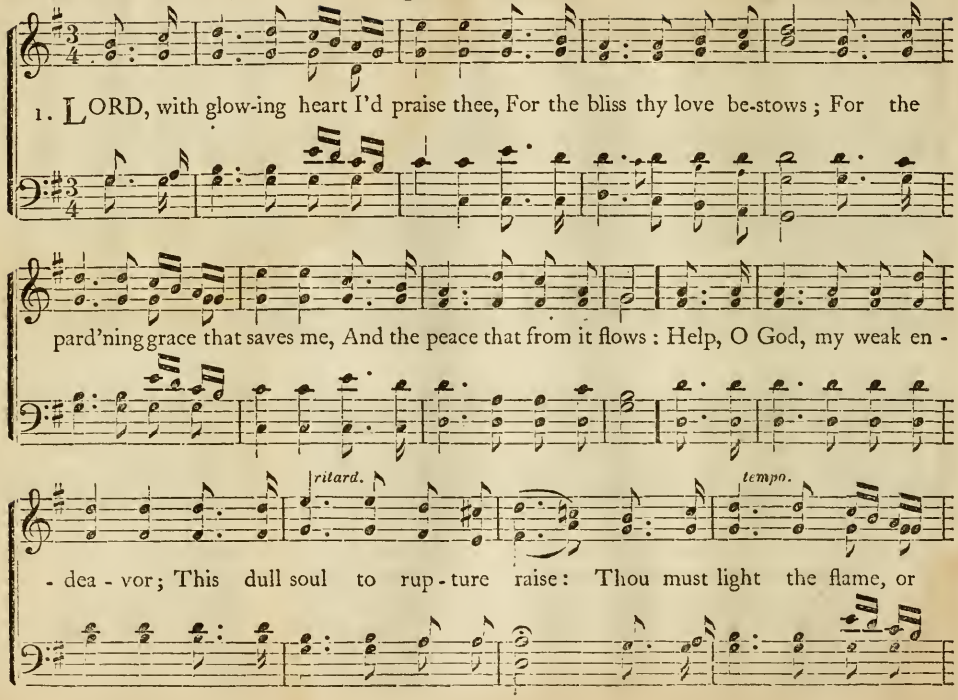
2. As in age and strength he grew,
Heavenly wisdom filled his breast;
Crowds attentive round him drew,
Wondering at their infant guest,
Gazed upon his lovely face,
Saw him full of truth and grace.

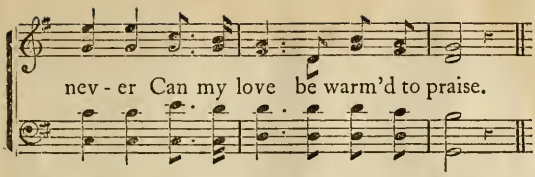
3. In his heavenly Father's house,
Jesus spent his early days;
There he paid his solemn vows,
There proclaimed his Father's praise;
Thus it was his lot to gain
Favor both with God and man.

No. 57.—III. 3. Hy. 150.

Miscellaneous.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

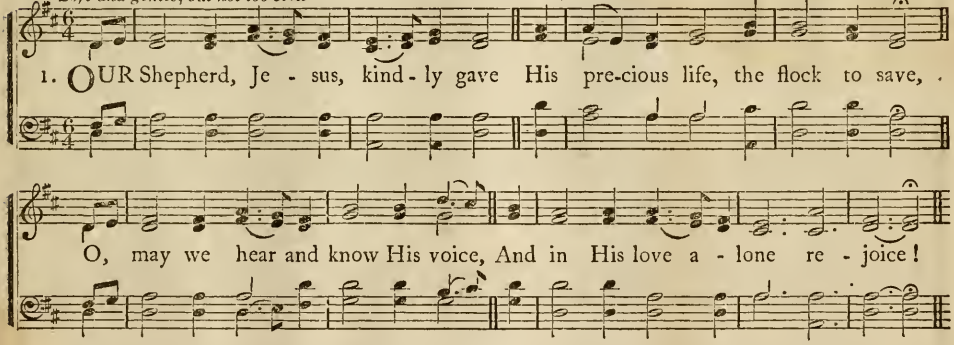




2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wand'rer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

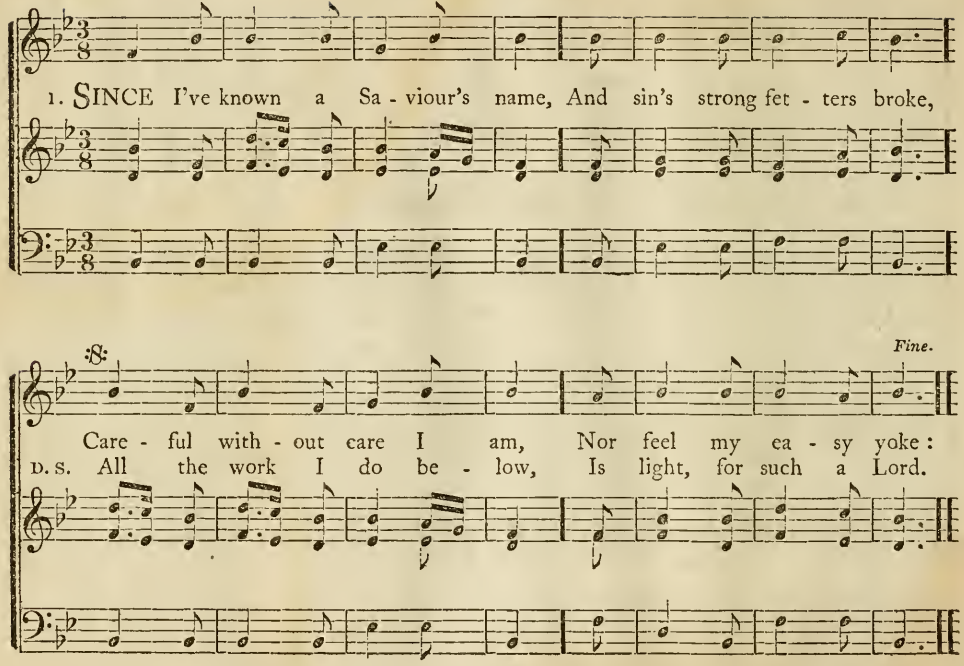
No. 58.—WOODWORTH. L. M. Miscellaneous. WM. B. BRADBURY.

Soft and gentle, but not too slow.

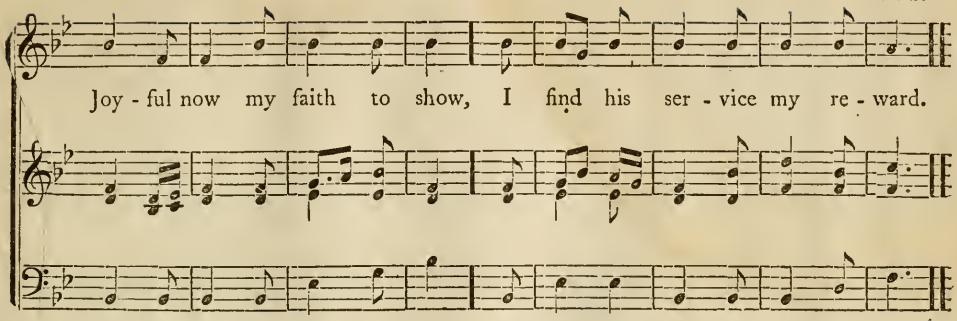


2. O Lord, our Shepherd, deign to keep,
Thy little lambs, Thy feeble sheep;
And when our feet would go astray,
Uphold and guide us in Thy way.

3. Lead us to pastures green and fair,
And bless our earthly shepherd's care,
Here may Thy gentle waters roll
To cheer and save the fainting soul.

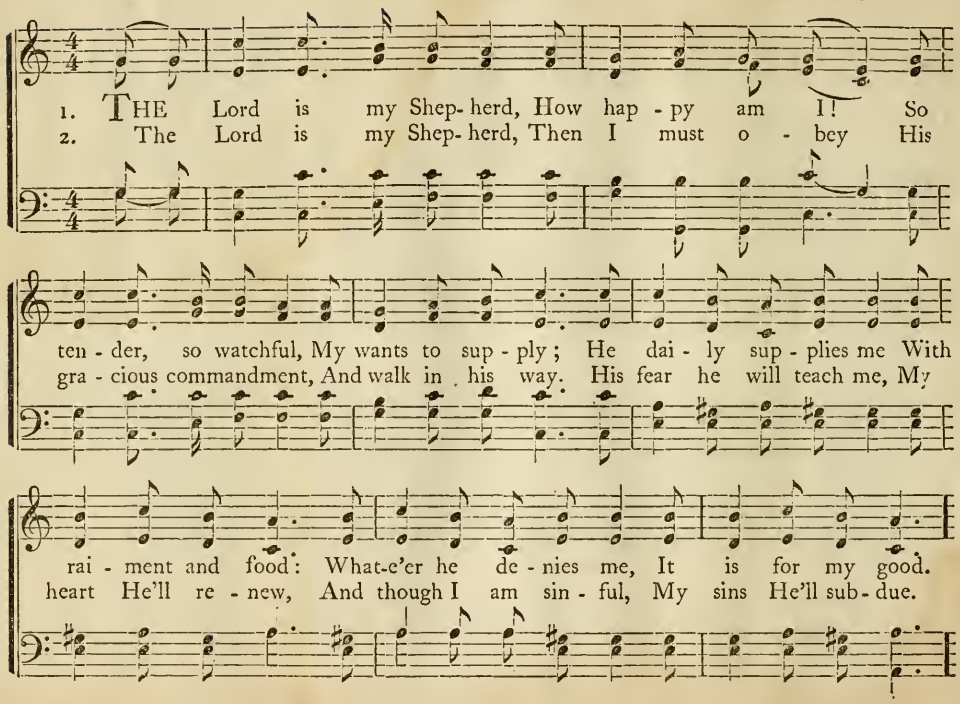

1. SINCE I've known a Sa - viour's name, And sin's strong fet - ters broke,
:8:
Fine.
Care - ful with - out care I am, Nor feel my ea - sy yoke:
D.S. All the work I do be - low, Is light, for such a Lord.

D. S.



2. To the desert or the cell,
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Nor fear its enmity;
Here I find a house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire;
Walking unconcern'd in care,
And unconsumed in fire.

3. O that all the world might know
Of living, Lord, to thee,
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy goodness see;
Walk in all the works prepared.
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thee face to face.


1. THE Lord is my Shep- herd, How hap - py am I! So
2. The Lord is my Shep- herd, Then I must o - bey His
ten - der, so watchful, My wants to sup - ply; He dai - ly sup - plies me With
gra - cious commandment, And walk in his way. His fear he will teach me, My
rai - ment and food: What-e'er he de - nies me, It is for my good.
heart He'll re - new, And though I am sin - ful, My sins He'll sub - due.

CHORUS.

2. The Lord is my Shep-herd, A-bound-ing in love, To seek m when straying, He came from a-bove; He tells me of pas-tures, Where still wa-ters flow, And ten-der-ly leads me His good-ness to know.

4. The Lord is my Shep-herd; How hap-py am I! In His gra-cious bo-som, Se-cure-ly I lie. In death's gloom-y val-ley No e-vil I dread, For "I will be with thee," My Shep-herd hath said.

5. The Lord is my Shepherd;
His rod and His staff
Shall comfort and strengthen,
And guide in his path.
His love is my sunlight,
His presence my joy,
To tell of His goodness
My blessed employ.

Joyfully.

1. COME ye who love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in the song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne.

Chorus.

2. Let those re-fuse to sing, Who nev-er knew our God, But chil-dren of the Heavenly King, May speak their joys a-broad.

3. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

CHORUS. *Fine.*

Glo - ry to God in the high-est be given, Peace up -on earth as it is in the heav'n.

pia.

1. HAIL to the brightness of Zi -on's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
2. Hail to the brightness of Zi -on's glad morning! Long by the prophets of Is-rael fore -told!

D. C.

cres. *f*

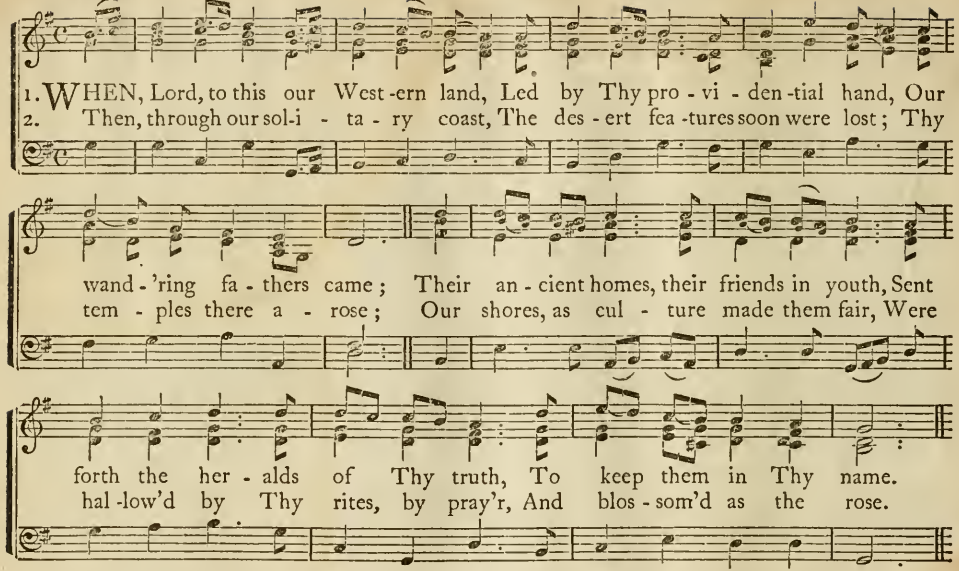
Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourning! Zi - on in triumph be-gins her mild reign.
Hail to the mil-lions from bondage re - turn-ing, Gentiles and Jews the blest vision be-hold.

3.

Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing;
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4.

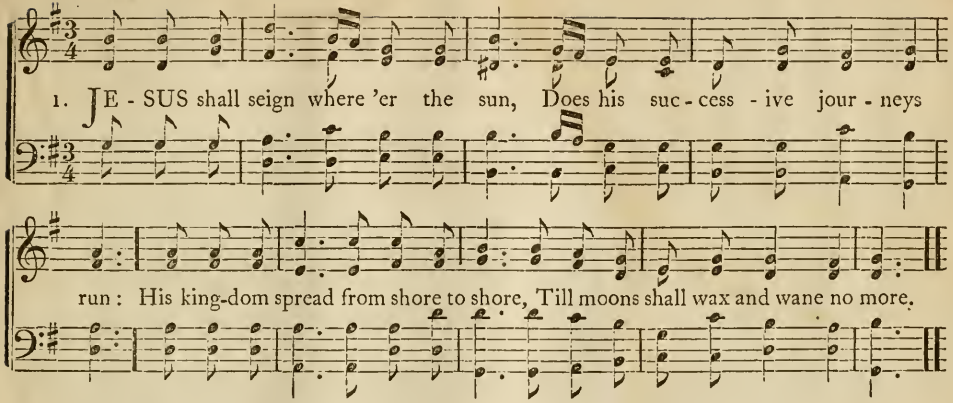
Hear from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.



3. And O! may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet,
Within our spreading land!
There, brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam,
Still guided by Thy hand.

4. Saviour! we own this debt of love:
O shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall Thy truth proclaim
And temples rise to fix Thy name,
Through all our desert west.

No. 64. COTTAGE CHANT. L. M.



2. To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

3. People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to burst his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5. Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6. Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

No. 65.—TURONI. L. M. Hy. 104.

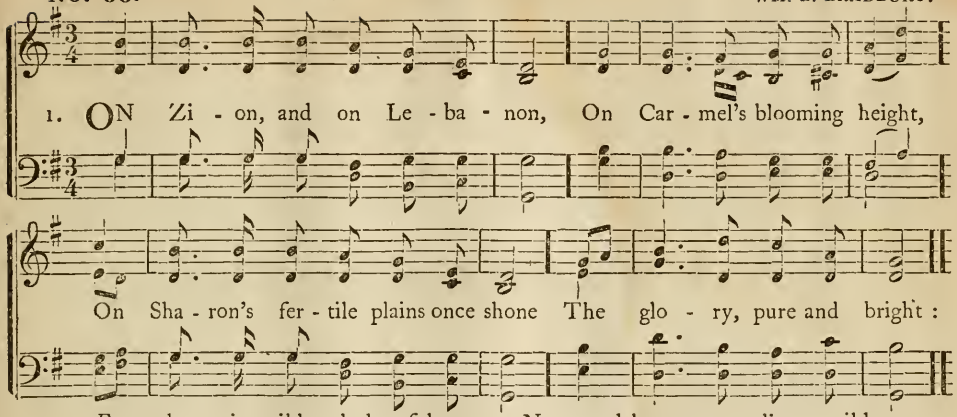
1. O Spir - it of the liv - ing God! In all thy plen - ti - tude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod, De - scend on our a - pos - tate race.

2. Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3. Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might:
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4. Convert the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till ev'ry people call him Lord.

No. 66.—LA MIRA. C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



2. From thence its mild and cheerful ray
Stream'd forth from land to land;
And empires now behold its day;
And still its beams expand.

3. Its brightest splendors, darting west,
Our happy shores illume;
Our farther regions, once unblest,
Now like a garden bloom;

4. But ah! our deserts deep and wild
See not this heavenly light;
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,
Dispel their dreary night.

5. *Thou*, who didst lighten Zion's hill,
On Carmel who didst shine,
Our deserts let thy glory fill,
Thy excellence divine!

6. Like Lebanon, in tow'ring pride,
May all our forests smile;
And may our borders blossom wide,
Like Sharon's fruitful soil.

No. 67.—FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. FROM Greenland's icy moun-tains, From India's co - ral strand, Where Afric's sun - ny
2. What though the spicy breez - es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Though ev- ery prospect

foun - tains, Roll down their gol - den sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From
pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile; In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The

many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
gifts of God are strown; The heathen, in his blind- ness, Bows down to wood and stone.

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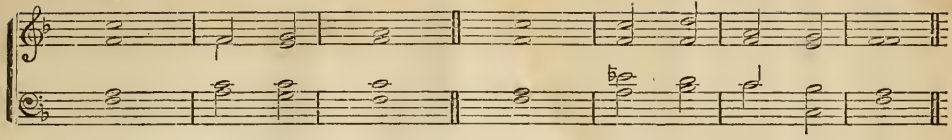

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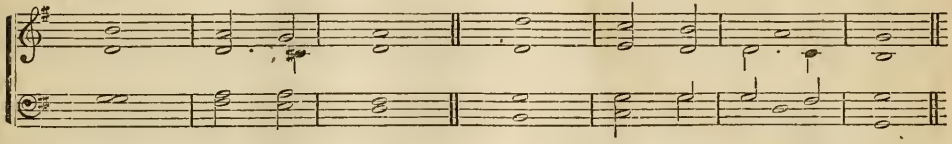

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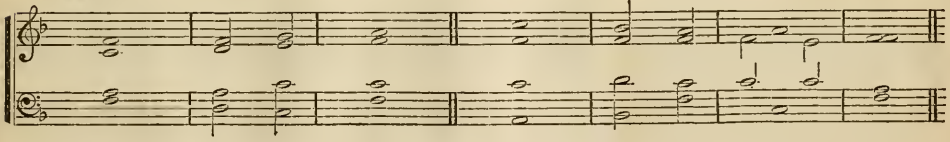

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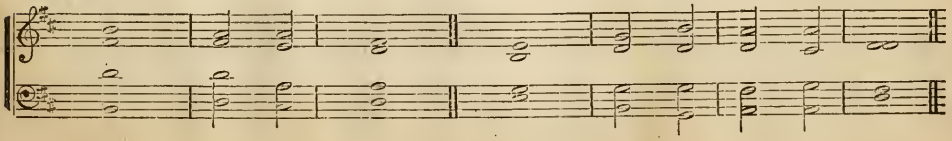

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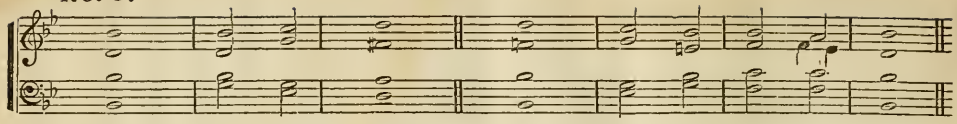

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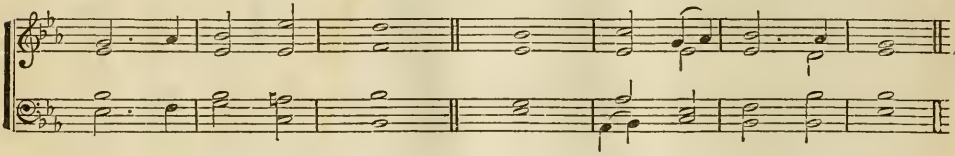

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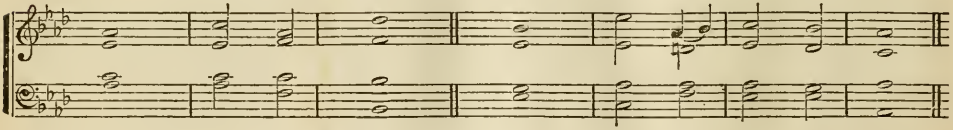

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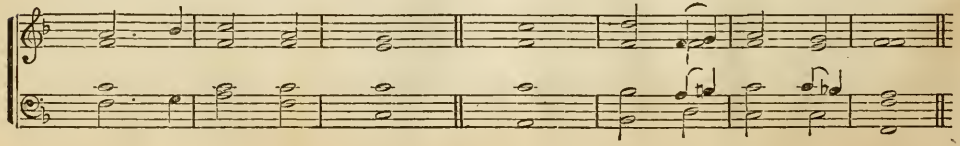

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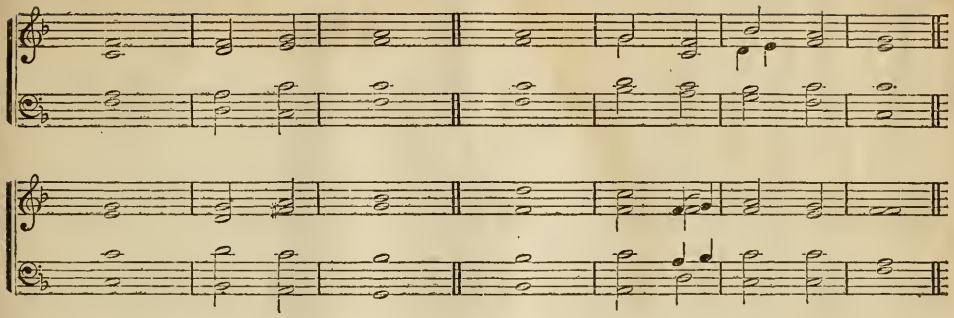

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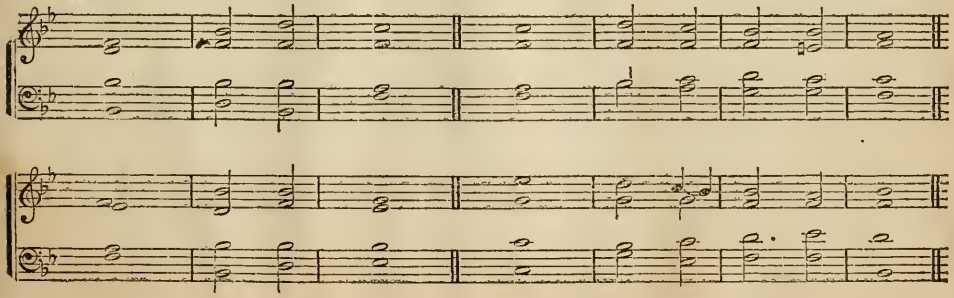

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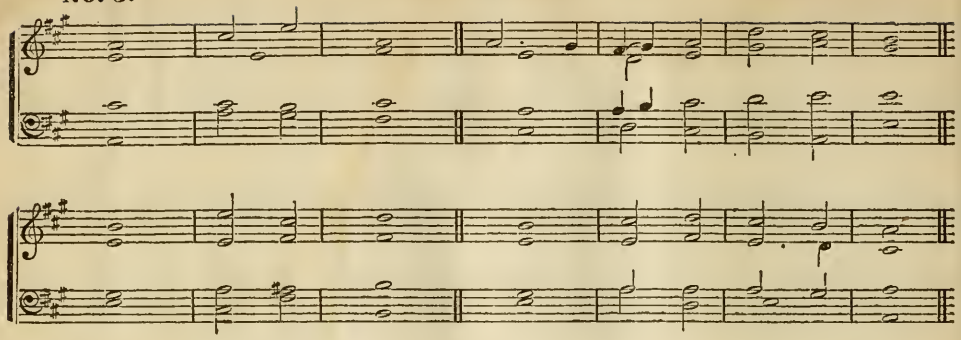

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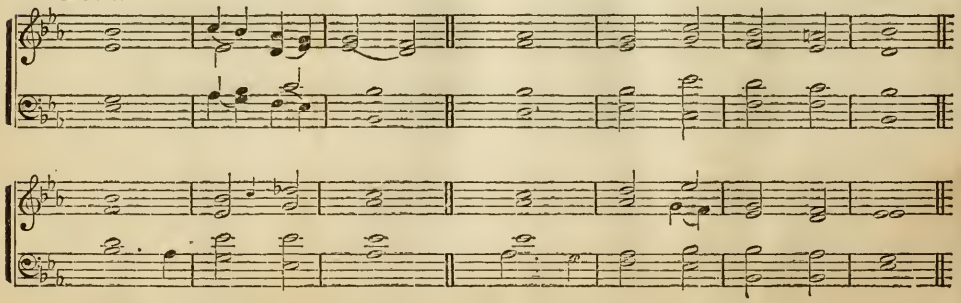

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FROM THE EVENING POST AND NEW YORK TIMES.

"One of the interesting musical events of the season is the competition in instruments, and the success that has attended the exhibition of Bradbury's piano-fortes at the several fairs recently held. This success is more remarkable from the fact that a new competitor for public favor has always to contend with the prejudices of those who are interested in keeping their old favorites in the front rank, and it is only when the intrinsic merits of a new instrument are so apparent as to render opposition to it hazardous to their professional reputation that it can get a fair start.

"This has been the opening year for Bradbury's instruments, and thus far with the following result:

I. First prize at the New Jersey State Fair at Patterson;

II. First prize at the New York State Fair at Utica;

III. First prize at the Ohio State Fair at Cleveland,

IV. And now, at the Fair of the American Institute, in this city, it has also been awarded the first prize*.

"There was a large number of fine pianos in this exhibition, and the managers of it devoted to them the largest and most prominent space in the main hall in the Academy building. Among these the beautiful square piano contributed by the manufacturer, WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, maintained a first place, being remarkable for power, brilliancy, richness, purity and equality of tone, combined with delicacy of touch, strength of frame, and general excellence of mechanical manipulation. This piano has Mr. Bradbury's new and improved scale, which is now receiving the highest commendations from first-class musical authority, as well as the public generally.

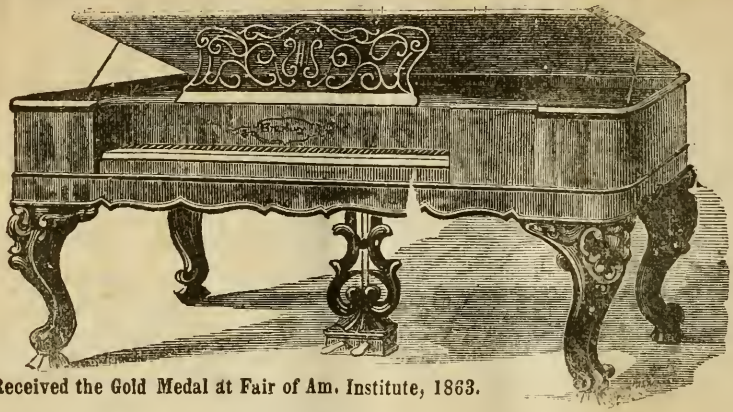
"This piano has an iron frame, overstrung base, and every real modern improvement; it is constructed of the best thorough seasoned materials, and its outward finish is second to none. We are informed by the managers that Mr. Bradbury did not manufacture this instrument especially for exhibition, but that it was taken promiscuously from his general stock.

"The public are already indebted to Mr. Bradbury for his labors as a composer of church and Sabbath-school music; but it would seem that his success in that department is to be eclipsed by the honors thrust on him in his new sphere."

* P.S.—Since the above was written, I have received the following additional First Premiums, viz.: Pennsylvania State Fair, Illinois State Fair, and Indiana State Fair. W. B. B.

WM. B. BRADBURY'S SUPERIOR PIANO-FORTES,

427 BROOME ST., cor. of Crosby, one block East of Broadway, NEW YORK.



Received the Gold Medal at Fair of Am. Institute, 1863.

The subscriber has now so enlarged and increased his manufacturing facilities as he believes will enable him to meet the unprecedented demand for his beautiful instruments. His factory is twice its former size.

BRADBURY'S PIANOS are made of the BEST THOROUGHLY SEASONED material. He employs the BEST MECHANICAL SKILL and talent of the city.

BRADBURY'S "NEW SCALE," drawn and prepared expressly for his new instruments, is in advance of other improvements in POWER, BRILLIANCY, RICHNESS, PURITY, and EQUALITY OF TONE, combined with DELICACY OF TOUCH and STRENGTH OF FRAME. He invites the closest criticism of the best unbiassed judges. Every department of the business is conducted under Mr. BRADBURY'S own personal supervision. Every instrument fully warranted.

THE MUSICAL PROFESSION OF NEW YORK TO WM. B. BRADBURY.

STRONG INDORSEMENT OF WM. B. BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES.

The most eminent of the musical profession of New York City, after frequent and thorough trials of my NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES, have given me the most emphatic and unqualified Testimonials. The following is a specimen of the voluntary testimony I am constantly receiving from gentlemen entirely disinterested, and, as all will acknowledge, most thoroughly qualified to judge of the merits of a Piano-Forte.

"We have examined, *with much care*, Mr. WM. B. BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES, and it is our opinion that, in power, purity, richness, equality of tone, and THOROUGH WORKMANSHIP, Mr. BRADBURY'S instruments EXCEL.

"We find GREAT BRILLIANCY and a BEAUTIFUL SINGING QUALITY of tone most happily blended. We have RARELY SEEN a square Piano-Forte combining so many of these qualities essential to a PERFECT INSTRUMENT."

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H. C. Timm.

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John H. Ickler.
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Robert Stoepel.
Strakosch.
Theo. Moelling.
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C. M. Carrington, Pres. N. Y. Harmonic Society.

GOTTSCHALK,

The renowned Pianist and Composer, AFTER A CAREFUL AND THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF WM. B. BRADBURY'S NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES, says:

"I have examined with GREAT CARE, Mr. WM. B. BRADBURY'S New Scale Piano-Fortes, and it is my opinion that they are VERY SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS.

"I have especially remarked their THOROUGH WORKMANSHIP, and the power, purity, richness, and EQUALITY of their tone. I recommend, therefore, these instruments to the public in general, and doubt not of their success.

"L. M. GOTTSCHALK."

"NEW YORK, July 12, 1863."

WM. B. BRADBURY'S GOLD MEDAL PIANO-FORTES.

GOLD MEDAL.

TWO GOLD MEDALS,

ONE SILVER MEDAL,

AND

FOUR FIRST PREMIUM DIPLOMAS.

Making in all

SEVEN FIRST PREMIUMS!

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FOUR WEEKS!

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"FOR THE BEST PIANO-FORTES."

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SILVER MEDAL.

ILL. STATE FAIR, Decatur, 1863.

DIPLOMAS.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR, Utica, 1863.
OHIO STATE FAIR, Cleveland, 1863.
PENN. STATE FAIR, Norristown, 1863.
IND. STATE FAIR, Indianapolis, 1863.

JUDGES AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 1863.
L. M. GOTTSCHALK, A. W. BERG, CLARE W. BEAMES, FRANCIS H. BROWN.

This is unprecedented in the history of the Piano-Forte Trade.

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